★ Aug. 15, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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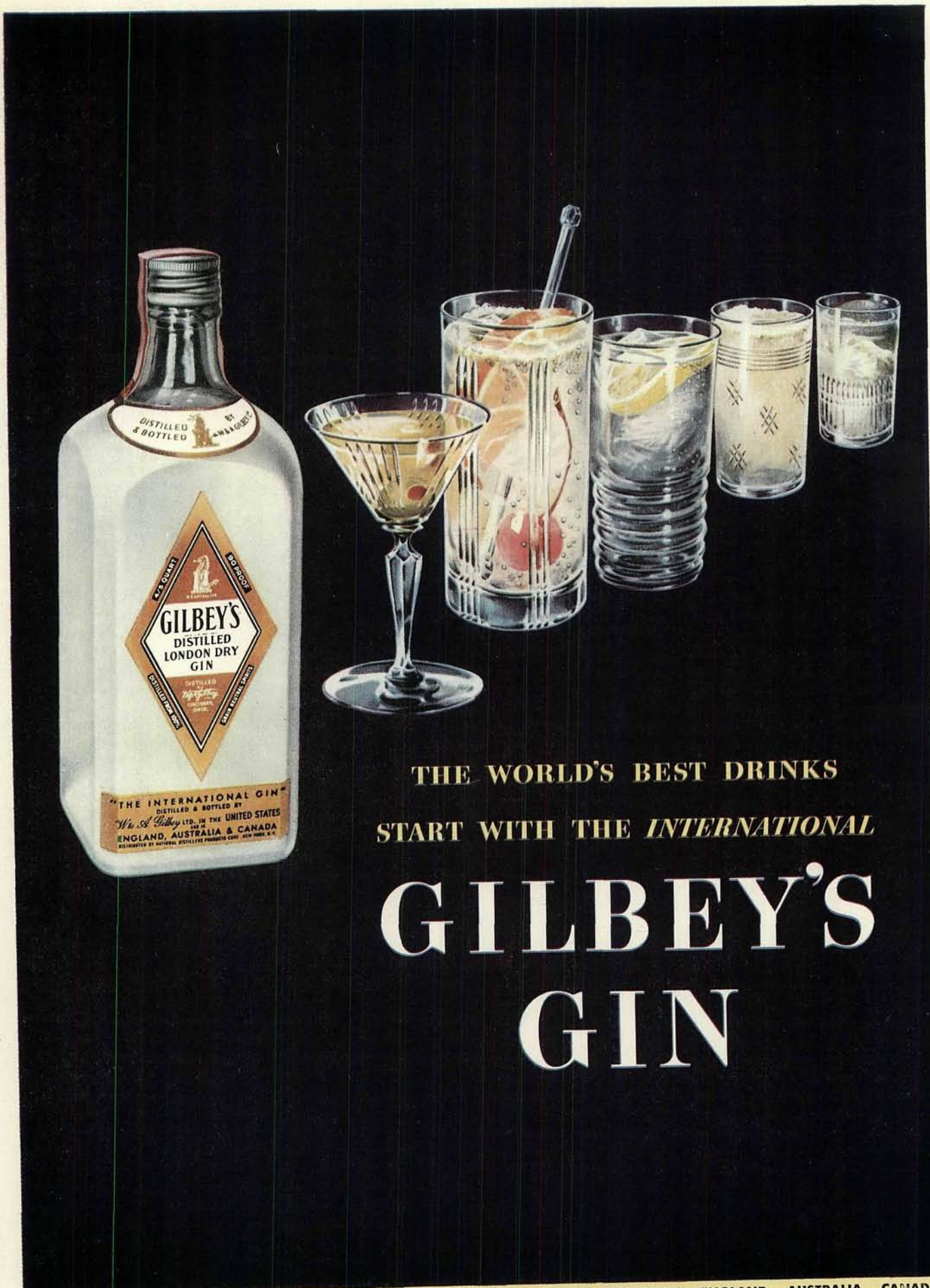

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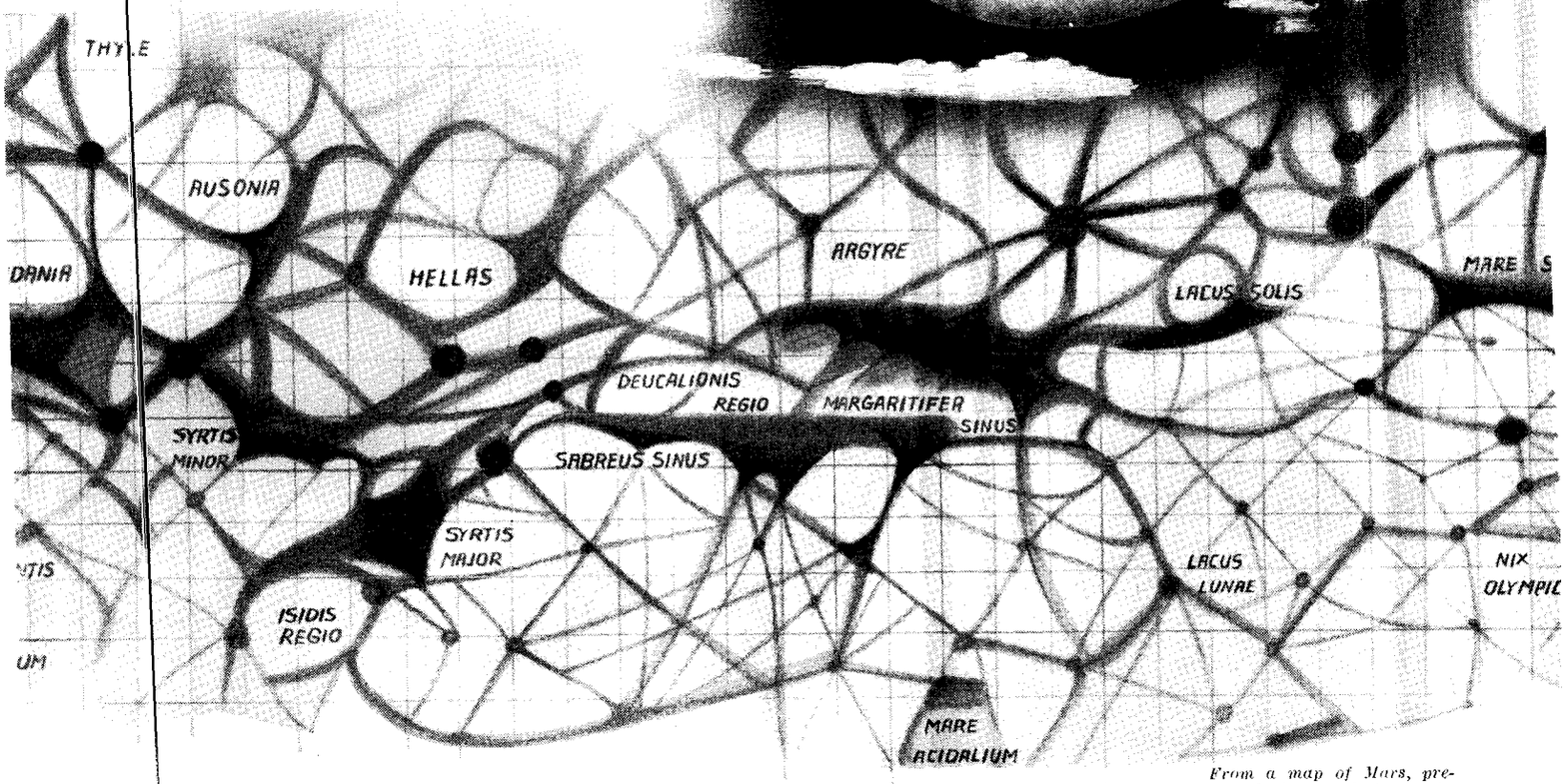
HOW COLD IS IT ON MARS TONIGHT?



From a map of Mars, prepared from photographs taken at an American observatory. Temperatures on Mars vary from 40° F. above zero to about 150° below.

PERHAPS that may seem a trivial question to you. Yet for centuries, thousands of scientists have been trying to unlock the secrets hidden in the dark reaches of the Universe.

Today, truly amazing instruments are measuring sun, moon and stars. Among them are the Farnsworth Photo-Cell Multiplier Tube and Dissector Tube . . . used by scientists to help push time and space aside. These tubes, and many other discoveries in the field of electronics, have resulted from Farnsworth's 15 years of research in television.

Now, with America at war, great Farnsworth plants and laboratories, with thousands of employees and 10 years' experience in the manufacture of the famous Capehart Phonograph-Radio, are producing precision electronic instruments in endless stream.

But progress in television is still proceeding! This is one of the world's great industries, destined to play a magnificent part in our national post-war economy.

How far off is that day, no one knows. But your purchase of War Bonds *today* will bring it nearer! And you will be building soundly for the future, when the purchase of an airplane, a television set, or perhaps a new home may be your urgent desire.

Meanwhile, Farnsworth is steadily marching toward the day when the realm of science, the news of the day, the music of life will appear on a magic screen *in your own home.*

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President
Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Laura Hope Crews, Effie Shannon, and Erich von Stroheim, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter, Beverly Bayne, and Robert Shayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and turned them into one of the most agreeable comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

UNCLE HARRY—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BY JUPITER—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LET'S FACE IT!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Mary Jane Walsh and Carol Goodner assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Reopening on Mon., Aug. 17, at the Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PORGY AND BESS—A superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, including Todd Duncan and Georgette Harvey. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—If you liked the old Palace, you should admire this vaudeville show. On the current bill are Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Walter O'Keefe, and Paul Draper. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

SONS O' FUN—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

STAR AND GARTER—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—A magnificent successor to "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," with Irving Berlin's music and a fine all-military cast which includes Ezra Stone, Julie Oshins, and Philip Truex. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun. Extra Mat. Tues., Aug. 18, for the Actors' Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

THE SAROYAN THEATRE—Two short plays by William Saroyan, called "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" and "Talking to You"—the first of a series he has written and plans to produce. With Canada Lee and Maxwell Bodenheim. Opens Mon., Aug. 17. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF BENEFIT—A variety show called "Rockland Riot," out of town but not too far, with sketches by J. P. McEvoy, George S. Kaufman, Maxwell Anderson, Charles MacArthur, and others, and a cast which will include Helen Hayes, Ed Wynn, Maurice Evans, Larry Adler, Jane Froman, Paul Draper, and Waldo Peirce: Sat. Eve., Aug. 22, at 8:30. (Clarkstown Country Club, Nyack. For tickets, call MU 6-3203.)

STARS ON ICE—An ice show, with a cast which includes a number of the performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

OPERETTAS—Helen Gleason and Wilbur Evans in "The Merry Widow," through Sun., Aug. 16; Ruby Mercer, Wilbur Evans, and Teddy Hart in "The New Moon," starting Tues., Aug. 18. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Aug. 13, 15, and 16; "Ruddigore," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Aug. 20, 22, and 23; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Fountain Room has an ice show headed by Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry is back again at this summer place of his, where you'll find Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Fred Keating sings songs and carries on a monologue in the Café Pierre. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing from teatime on.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The show in this skyscraping aerie includes puppets and an acrobatic dancer. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and a rumba band.... Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's dancing on the Viennese Roof to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Renée De Marco is dancing in the Café Lounge. Music by Roy Ross's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ted Steele's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Xavier Cugat and his orchestra provide the music and, at supper, there's a show. Mischa Borr and his orchestra are around, too, at the supper hour.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's a show, in addition to the Lamotte murals to look at.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts.... **TONY'S**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): here, too, guests may play gin rummy any time they want to, and Cy Walter plays the piano.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time, with new decorations and Dick

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HOLLYWOOD'S MOST AMAZING CITIZEN NOW BRINGS YOU HIS SUCCESSOR TO "CITIZEN KANE"

THE STORY OF A WOMAN IN LOVE—FROM THE FAMOUS PULITZER PRIZE NOVEL BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

RKO Radio Pictures Present

Mercury Production

The Magnificent Ambersons

With JOSEPH COTTEN • DOLORES COSTELLO • ANNE BAXTER • TIM HOLT
AGNES MOOREHEAD • RAY COLLINS • ERSKINE SANFORD • *And* RICHARD BENNETT
Screen Play, Production and Direction by Orson Welles

Starts August 13th at CAPITOL Theatre, Broadway bet. 50th & 51st St., New York

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with George Morris's orchestra. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing spot, with Joe Sullivan's trio and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is there, too, being funny. Hazel Scott will return on Mon., Aug. 17. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Alvino Rey's orchestra will be replaced by Harry James' on Mon., Aug. 17. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the dimmed-out waterfront makes you forget the trip; Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancans and such. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and, through Tues., Aug. 18, a condensed version of "Meet the People." . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much; Joe Frisco is around, too. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy head the new Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers are down there, with their songs and foolishness, and so are Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are playing in this Village landmark. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

AL-FRESCO—At the CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900): lunch and tea are served in the garden.

Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; the FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

NOTE—Some of the clubs at Saratoga Springs that are carrying on as usual are the Piping Rock Club, with Joe E. Lewis heading the show; Arrowhead Inn, with a George Hale revue and Dick Gasparre's orchestra; and Riley's Lake House, with a show headed by Gracie Fields.

ART

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Comprehensive exhibit of masks, carvings, textiles, etc., from various South Pacific islands. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—An exhibition of recent acquisitions, including works by Monet and Blake, together with a part of the permanent collection of drawings and prints not shown before. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

GROUPS—At the WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: oils, gouaches, and drawings by Bemelmans, Owens, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Schnakenberg, Guy Pène du Bois, Bouché, Cowles, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings by Menkes and Jacobi, among others, and a few sculptures, including some by De Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 4. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Hartley, De Martini, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings, sculptures, and water colors by Peirce, Bishop, Cadmus, Harkavy, and other members of the gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 14. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by Eakins, Sargent, Kroll, and other early and contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors, mostly by younger members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings by contemporary American, French, and Mexican artists. Tues. through Thurs., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 27.

KLEE—A set of water colors, most of them never shown here before: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Aug. 29.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (through Sept. 15); posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and at least twenty other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through the summer.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Recent acquisitions, in several media, by Barlach, Beckmann, and other modern Europeans (through Sun., Aug. 23); also, in the Young People's Gallery, an exhibition showing how Disney cartoons are made, including original drawings, photographs, and a short sequence from "Bambi," his latest film (through Mon., Aug. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

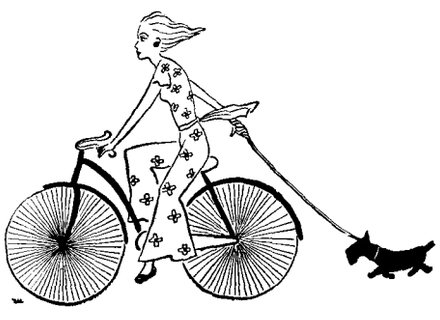
MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A fifth-anniversary showing of works by Balcomb Greene, I. Rice Pereira, Alexander Calder, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

HERE AND THERE—At the WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . KOHN, 608 5 Ave., at 49: water colors by Herbert W. Pratt. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 14. . . . COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES, 451 Madison, at 50: sculptures by Malvina Hoffman. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Final concerts of the season—Central Park Mall, Fri. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 14 and 16, at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 13 and 15, at 8:30.

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Koussevitzky conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra at Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass., in a Russian War Relief benefit, with a program which includes the Shostakovich Seventh Symphony. Fri. Eve., Aug. 14, at 8; also in the final concerts of the summer series, Sat. Eve., Aug. 15, at 8:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 16, at 3. (Soloists: Maynor, Spalding, and Piatigorsky, Aug. 14; Berkshire Music Center Chorus, Aug. 15.) Trains to Lenox leave Grand Central weekdays at 3:40 P.M., arriving at 7:43 P.M. (also Sat. at 12:45 P.M., arriving at 4:53 P.M.), and Sun. at 7:55 A.M., arriving at 11:53 A.M. There are enough taxis and private cars available to see that everyone gets from the station to Tanglewood.



SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Thurs. Aft., Aug. 13, at 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., Aug. 21, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 22, at 2:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., Aug. 14, at 3, Sat. Aft., Aug. 15, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 16 (doubleheader), at 2:05; Giants vs. Boston, Mon. and Tues. Afts., Aug. 17-18, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 13, at 6:30, Fri. Aft., Aug. 14, at 3, Sat. Aft., Aug. 15, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 16 (doubleheader), at 2:05; Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 20, at 6:30, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 22, at 2:30.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Bob Montgomery vs. Bobby Ruffin, lightweights, 10 rounds, and Fritzie Zivic vs. Garvey Young, welterweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., Aug. 13; Ray Robinson vs. Ruben Shank, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 21; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches starting at about 10 P.M.

DOG SHOW—Wildwood Kennel Club, Saratoga Springs, Sun., Aug. 16, at 10 A.M.; a Dogs for Defense benefit.

GOLF—Invitation Tournament finals, Seawane Club, Hewlett, L.I., Sun., Aug. 16. . . . New Jersey Amateur, Montclair G.C., Montclair, qualifying rounds Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 13-14, and Championship Sat. and Sun., Aug. 15-16. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 21-23.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 29. (The Spinaway and the Travers, Aug. 15; the Whitney, Aug. 18; the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 22.) Trains will leave Grand Central daily at 9 and 9:15 A.M.

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Newport Casino, Newport, daily through Sat., Aug. 15, at 10 A.M. . . . Longwood Bowl Invitation Tournament, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 17-22, at 2 P.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sat. at 2:25 P.M., and other weekdays at 6:30 P.M.; through Sept. 19. Trains to Westbury, where they are met by hay wagons and coaches, will leave Penn Station on Sat. at 12:57 and 1:14 P.M. and on other weekdays at 4:51 and 5:17 P.M.

YACHTING—American Y.C. annual cruise, daily through Fri., Aug. 14. . . . Championship races on the Sound: Huguenot Y.C., Sun. Aft., Aug. 16, at about 1.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the use of camouflage for civilian defense (through Sept. 13); also, a collection of photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war (through Sept. 20). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49: films and models touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare; a Messerschmitt and a Heinkel, shot down over England, and a German bomb sight have been added to the exhibit. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FLOWER SHOW—A war-relief benefit, sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York: 598 Madison, at 57. Thurs., Aug. 13, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

ON THE AIR—News commentators: Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30, WINS; Alexander P. de Seversky, Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45,

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Then Came Aniline

NATURAL dyestuffs were not new when Joseph wore the coat of many colors. And even up to the middle of the 19th century, owners of indigo plantations, ocher deposits and other sources of natural dyes had every reason to feel secure in their investments in that ancient industry.

Then, in 1856, a British chemist, seeking synthetic quinine in coal tar, accidentally discovered aniline dye. While this event was harmful to the natural dyestuffs industry, it also opened up the vast field of industrial chemistry, including synthetic textiles, drugs, plastics and explosives —all great industries today.

Old industries change. Some of them vanish while new ones develop, opening pitfalls as well as opportunities to investors. War today is stimulating tremendous activities by its devouring demands for speed, improvements and inventions. The foundations are now being built for many profitable new fields of employment for men and money, in the years ahead.

Investment calls for vigilance and prompt revision of earlier opinion. Recognizing the constancy of change as a basic factor in the management of wealth, the Bank of New York maintains a large investment research organization. The studies of this group of specialists serve as a guide in the administration of trust and other funds placed in the care of this Bank.

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48 Wall Street—New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR.... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, WINS; Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

NOTE—The Metropolitan Museum has opened the residence of its former president, the late George Blumenthal, at 50 E. 70, as a temporary branch museum, with the building's Spanish patio and part of the Museum's collection of arms and armor on view. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Afts., from 1 to 5; through Oct. 17.

MOTION PICTURES

BAMBI—Disney's version of the doings of a deer. Possibly not as appealing to adults as some of his earlier work. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

CROSSROADS—William Powell, as a Frenchman with amnesia, wrestles with a blackmail plot, assisted by his own deductive powers and Hedy Lamarr. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 17.... State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Aug. 19.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin adds modern improvements to his famous classic, and the result, with its music and its narrative, is highly delightful. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Aug. 13.)

HOLIDAY INN—An Irving Berlin score is sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire, and there's some excellent dialogue thrown in. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

THE INVADERS—How a Nazi submarine crew thought they would simply snip off Canada and hand it to Hitler, and how, after much travel, they are disappointed. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 14.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—One of Orson Welles' stylistic and stylish jobs, based on Booth Tarkington's novel. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—Scenes from Russia's counterdrive of last winter, with a sometimes illogical English commentary. (Globe, B'way at 46; opening Sat., Aug. 15.)

NAZI AGENT—A spy picture, in which Conrad Veidt foils more than his quota of Nazis. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 15-17.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Fri., Aug. 18-21.)

THE PIED PIPER—Monty Woolley escorts a covey of kiddies through war-torn France, a project that has him complaining in his beard. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

REAP THE WILD WIND—A Cecil B. De Mille film for his admirers only, Technicolored in the brightest hues and about life a hundred years ago around the Florida Keys. With Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Aug. 13.... Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Aug. 14.)

THE SPOILERS—A nice, substantial Western for such as appreciate the type. From Rex Beach's novel and with Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Randolph Scott, and quite a gang of old-timers. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Aug. 13.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Aug. 15.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 14-17.)

TORTILLA FLAT—The Steinbeck novel of California's shiftless, pleasant *paisanos* in an easy-going picture, with Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, and John Garfield. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 15-17.... Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 15-18.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Fri., Aug. 18-21.... Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 19-20.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—The story of George M. Cohan and a great display of stage life, reviving the tunes and memories of his famous shows. With James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 14.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 19-20.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 18-19.)

THE LETTER (1940)—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson in Somerset Maugham's drama about the Singapore of other days. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 17-19.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 18-19.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Dashiell Hammett's best-seller. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 17-19.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 18-19.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Aug. 16.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—More Maugham. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 16-17.)

SERGEANT YORK (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Aug. 13.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (1941)—An R.A.F. raid on a German town. Semi-documentary. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 14-15.... Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 17-19.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 19-21.)

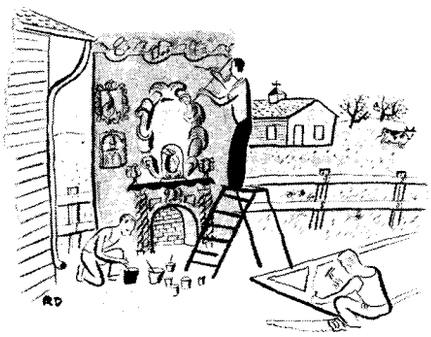
WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Fri., Aug. 15-21.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—THURS., AUG. 13: "The Invisible Man" (1933), Claude Rains. FRI. AND SAT., AUG. 14-15: "Duck Soup" (1933), the Marx Brothers. SUN. AND MON., AUG. 16-17: "What! No Beer?" (1933), Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante. TUES. AND WED., AUG. 18-19: nine short animated films (1879-1933). THURS. AND FRI., AUG. 20-21: "Cavalcade" (1933), Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook. SAT., AUG. 22: "Bombshell" (1933), Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many thousands of emergency jobs now in need of filling should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which supervises much of the general volunteer work locally and also is in a position to help civilians sign up with the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, United Service Organizations, and other relatively specialized groups. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Right now the most urgent needs, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) women to work five hours every other day in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (2) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, taking telephoned reports from air-raid wardens; (3) women who, after a seven-week Red Cross course, will be willing to work at least one full day every week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) boys from sixteen to twenty-one, preferably with bicycles or skates, to be trained for emergency messenger duty; (5) men deferred in or exempt from the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) men and women to serve from nine to twenty hours a week as administrative and clerical assistants in the Departments of Health and Welfare in connection with social-service and evacuation work.



People who for one reason or another can't volunteer on a steady basis have been asked to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs. (The sugar-rationing board, for instance, at one time required the immediate but temporary assistance of some 400 clerks.) There is also a need for men and women to help out whenever and as long as they can at civilian-fingerprinting stations. Volunteers for this work will be given a preliminary three-hour period of training.

SALVAGE—The big salvage drives at the moment are for kitchen fat, rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal.... Tin cans should be kept separate from other scrap metal. Remove their paper wrappers and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press—don't hammer—them almost flat. Your building superintendent will probably agree to see that they get into the right hands; if not, pile them in paper boxes and place them on the sidewalk shortly before the next collections, which, according to present plans, will be on Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 26 and 27.... Kitchen fat is wanted for the production of glycerine, which is used in the manufacture of munitions. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre in this campaign. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept.... The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags (needed for wiping machinery), scrap metal, or rubber in lots of fifty pounds or more, and will advise you how to donate smaller amounts conveniently.

The need for wastepaper, widely publicized a while back, no longer exists, although the authorities won't be surprised if there is a renewed demand for it later on. For the time being, the Salvation Army (CI 6-8565) is about the only agency prepared to take wastepaper off your hands.... Old pianos, which have a high scrap-metal yield, are also on the temporarily-not-wanted list. The Salvage Committee, whose facilities for dismantling them are limited, has more than it can handle at the moment, but will soon be asking for them again.... Bottle caps are not wanted, either, because they are made of inferior metal.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city. Most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of running these activities. If the local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Board at your state capital.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, and athletic paraphernalia, especially pool and ping-pong tables, which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of men in the services.... Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, sizes 6 x 30 and 7 x 50, are wanted by the Navy on a loan basis. They should be taken to the U.S.O. booth at Penn Station or to Room 909 at 90 Church St.... The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366), needs band instruments to distribute among men in the services and will send around for any you can spare.... The Army wants 125,000 medium-sized dogs from one to five years old to train for sentry duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471).

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Tops on Broadway!

The two fascinating stars of the current hit "Uncle Harry" make gentle Lux Toilet Soap their daily complexion care. Try their simple facial: Pat Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather lightly in, rinse with warm water, then with cool and pat with a soft towel to dry. Now look in your mirror and see how *fresh* your skin looks. You can depend on ACTIVE lather to remove stale cosmetics, every trace of dust and dirt. You'll find this care stage and screen stars use a wonderful aid in keeping *your* skin lovely. Try it for 30 days!

"I take a Lux Soap Beauty Facial every day-it's a care that really works!"

Beverly Roberts

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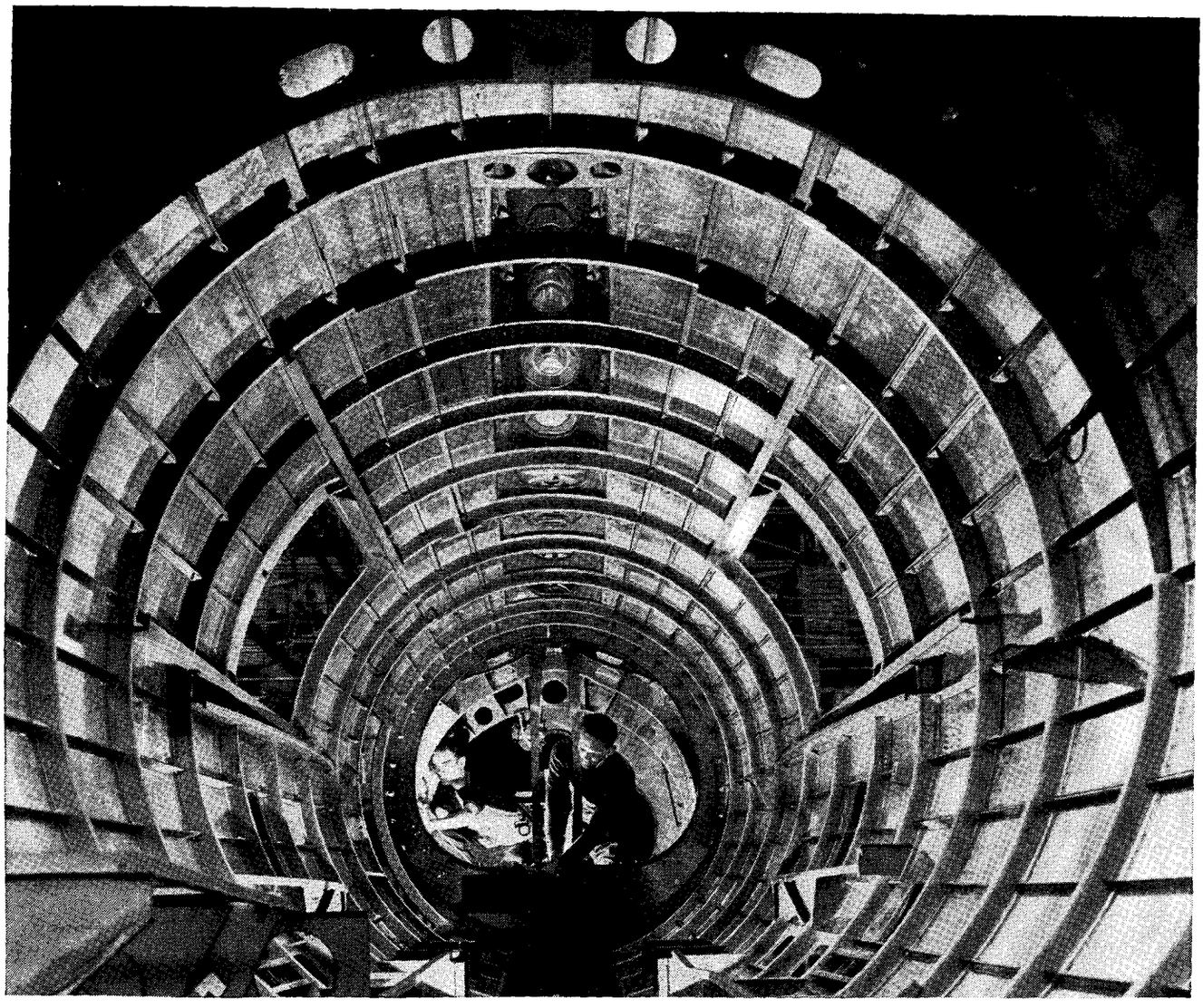

Inside Story

You are looking straight down the barrel of a highly potent weapon—a Boeing Flying Fortress,* under construction.

Here you see the way the ribs and the stiffeners, the bulkheads and the bright aluminum skin are riveted into one compact structure.

Into a Flying Fortress go more than 30,000 different parts (counting duplicates, there are several hundred thousand separate pieces of metal). Into the design, creation and swift production of these giants of the air are riveted also many different kinds of engineering.

For example: Boeing *mechanical engineers* design the jigs—intricate, hair-true forms in which Fortress parts are assembled. . . . Boeing *tool engineers* design and adapt tools and machines to the special job of making parts in quantity production. . . . *Production engineers* find new ways to turn out better Fortresses, faster. . . . *Structural engineers* study problems of reducing weight and increasing the strength in airplane members. . . . *Aerodynamic engineers* study problems of wing, tail, propeller and overall airplane design. . . . *Power-plant engineers* work to increase the power, speed, efficiency and altitude range of the airplane.

These and still other kinds of engineering skill go into the building of a basic Boeing airplane structure. But in order to make the Fortress a swift, efficient flying work-room for nine men on a mission, other kinds of engineering are essential: *radio, chemical, hydraulic, acoustical, vibration, heating, ventilating and electrical.*

In the Boeing engineering department today, more than 2000 men are constantly at work on engineering projects. Their job is to design and help to build light metal structures of all kinds—from an airplane wing to a booster system for hydraulic brakes. And today, too, Boeing field engineers are in service wherever their Fortresses fly—in Asia, Africa, England, Australia. *Their* job is to help keep the big Boeings flying—high, fast, *and often.*

Variety in engineering skills . . . integrity in engineering design . . . economy in production . . . long experience in research . . . these are the qualities which Boeing is building into bombers, trainers and flying boats for the air forces of the Allies.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

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THE NEW YORKER

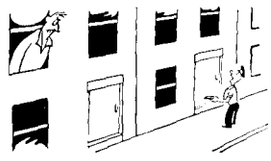
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have followed with some interest the buildup of Hollywood's new young star, Teresa Wright. Apparently Miss Wright told her employers she didn't like leg art, phony interviews, or glamor-doodle. Her attitude seemed unique. Hollywood was delighted, and set to work publicizing Miss Wright as a person who had the sense not to endorse Hollywood. We have had to read quite a lot of stuff about how she kept her integrity even after she crossed the state line. The New York *Times*, discussing her recent marriage, paid this astonishing tribute to Miss Wright's forthright deportment: "The wedding could have been a stupendous church production with elaborate bridal-veil photographs, or it could have been an elopement to Yuma. It was neither. She met Mr. Busch in Hollywood, she was seen with him . . . and then she did the unprecedented thing in Hollywood—she announced she was going to marry him." You see? The glamorousness of the commonplace, a new note in southern California. Just the same, we think Hollywood better make up its mind what it thinks is wonderful in a girl, and stick with it. As Ben Franklin once said, you can't have your cheesecake and eat it, too.

IT always astonishes us when we learn that science has been thinking about us—this magazine, we mean. The other evening we were stopped by a psychiatrist with that magnetic look in his eye. "Do you realize," he said, "that your magazine represents a mild form of war?" He quickly particularized by saying that he thought we adhered too faithfully to reality by portraying the typical ambitions and aggressions of social groups. "Don't you think it would be better," he demanded, "if you lowered the public's anxiety level, like *McCall's?*" We told him quickly that we would take this under advisement.

AT approximately four-thirty on the morning of August 7th we stirred unhappily in our hot, mussed bed and began to have nightmares. Some minutes later a nasal voice from the waking world penetrated our consciousness. "Postal Telegraph!" the voice was crying, outside a neighboring house. "*Postal* Telegraph! Postal *Telegraph!*" Refreshed as we were by fully three hours of uninterrupted sleep, we figured out that it was a Postal Telegraph boy, forced by some extraordinary crisis to cry his wares in the street instead of ringing the doorbell, but gamely insistent, nonetheless, on giving his employers full billing. Mark our words, this boy will go far, yes *sir!* As long as there's room for private enterprise in these United States, such lads are bound to rise to the top. We wouldn't be surprised, a few years from now, to find that he had become Vice-President in Charge of Cute Telegrams.



A FEW days ago a juke box in West Orange, New Jersey, began interspersing its records with weather reports, instructions to airplane pilots, Morse code, and static. Then the *World-Telegram* dug up a story about a fire-alarm box near the Brooklyn Navy Yard that had been turning in false alarms even when a cop was watching it, another cop was watching the first cop, and a detective was watching them both. An official explanation given by the F.C.C. for the first phenomenon was that a burnt-out tube had converted the juke box into a short-wave receiving set, and the most popular explanation for the second was that vibrations from the subway were causing the box to send in alarms. There was a substantial bloc in both cases that held out for spies and saboteurs. We reject all these explanations. Our own theory is simple. The machines were just trying to attract attention. It is in the nature of the machine, we believe, to crave notice, and it delights in causing as much outrage and annoyance as possible, all in the hope that someone will come over and take it apart. We'll never forget the electric razor we once had which left great patches of beard on our face, hoping people would comment on the fact that we had a new electric razor. The only way we could get an approximation of a decent shave out of it was to assure

it that its name was on every tongue in our office, and when we finally threw the damn thing out the window it cried like a baby for days.

A FRIEND of ours who recently went to work for the government has received his first federal pay check, and he has permitted us to take a look at it. The face bore the legend "Treasurer of the United States" and a replica of the Treasury seal, complete with scales, key, and a motto reading "Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil." On the back was printed: "The payee should endorse below in ink or indelible pencil. If the endorsement is made by mark (X) it must be witnessed by two persons who can write, giving their places of residence in full." This seems to us a modest request for a government to make of its employees, and, taken together with the Latin on the other side, it makes for a most attractive and well-rounded type of voucher, quite possibly

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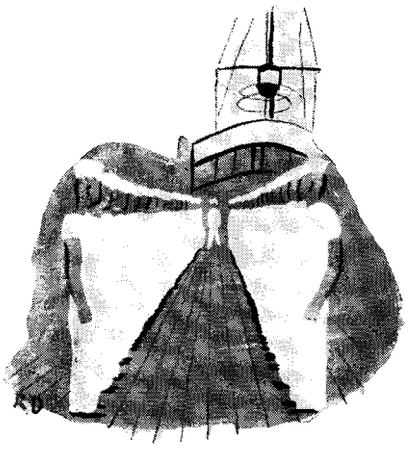
worthy of emulation by private enterprise. Before complimenting it unreservedly, however, we would like to ask Secretary Morgenthau to tell us the approved procedure in the case of a government employee, unable or unwilling to write his name, who wishes to turn his check over to his wife, a similarly illiterate or reluctant individual. Must there be two X's, one for man, one for wife, each duly attested, or would a solitary cross suffice, accompanied perhaps by an appropriate classical quotation from a witness with a thorough grasp of longhand and an impeccable address?

Ageless

UP at 1380 York Avenue, deep in the heart of Yorkville, the war effort is going forward with noisy gusto. This is where the city's old pianos are being broken up for scrap, under the expert guidance of a professional reconditioner of pianos named Robert Fairchild. Stopping by for a quick gander at this useful and violent activity, we were fortunate enough to find Fairchild himself on the job, assisted by a pair of boys in their teens. Fairchild, who has a black mustache, plastered-down hair, and a look of the Gay Nineties about him, was leading the boys in a trio with mallets on an old upright. On one wall was lettered the slogan, "A good piano is like an old violin—it is ageless." "There is a dirty rumor going round that I am making money on this proposition!" Fairchild shouted at us, above the din. "This is a lie circulated by Fascist enemies of our way of life!"

During a reasonably quiet interlude, while the lads were removing the piano's tuning pegs with a brace and bit, Fairchild explained to us how he achieved the status of New York's official piano-smasher. Like every piano man, he had always known that most of the pianos kicking around in people's cellars were beyond redemption as musical instruments but were mines of useful metals —tin, lead, steel, cast iron, and copper —not to mention wool and, in the case of player pianos, rubber tubing. He says there's enough cast iron in a piano to make six .50-calibre machine guns. Having served in the Philippine Insurrection, the Mexican border campaign, and the First World War, Fairchild was not the man to remain idle after Pearl Harbor. He presented a plan for salvaging metals from pianos to the New York Salvage Committee, which was quick



to see the advantages, and put Fairchild in charge of the work. The Yorkville place, a store front that used to house a Chinese restaurant, was donated by the owner, a lady who lives in Queens. Fairchild's two young assistants are Mickey Hauser and Emmy (for Edmund) King; they work for nothing. It's Mickey's ambition to be a reporter. Emmy wants to be a food inspector, he's not sure why. Other volunteers wander in and out, we gathered, and Fairchild spends a good three-quarters of his time there. The economics are simple: Fairchild sells the scrap to dealers; people donate their pianos and, when Fairchild can persuade them, pay for transportation to 1380 York Avenue; otherwise Fairchild pays for it, out of his proceeds from the scrap-metal dealers; all the money he makes, in fact, goes to pay trucking charges for more pianos. Transportation is the bottleneck; Fairchild knows of nine hundred pianos he could have if he could pay for the hauling. However, this would run into heavy dough, even at the special rate of five dollars allowed him by patriotic moving-and-storage men.

Fairchild breaks up four pianos a day, on the average, and gets therefrom about half a ton of scrap metal and three or four pounds of wool felt. It's fairly simple to take a piano apart, we discovered. You start on the front panel, removing the brass hinges, the keys, and their attendant mechanism. Then you knock off the legs and sides, and smash the wires, being careful to keep them covered so they can't snap in your face. After that, it's merely a matter of unscrewing a whole lot of screws. Nothing extraneous of value has turned up inside the pianos—just a few bottle tops and an occasional piece of Woolworth costume jewelry. "Last week we found a Lone Ranger button, and we give it to a little kid out on the street," Mickey said. "Say," he added, addressing Fairchild, "have you told about your wife's mother's uncle?" "Well," Fairchild said modestly, "my wife's mother's uncle was President Arthur. Come on, boys, let's get to work here. Hand me that hammer."

Call of the Wild

JACK K. LONDON, who drives a cab, is no relative of the late novelist, but there's an affinity of some sort. A friend of ours, who was recently a passenger in Mr. London's cab, was forced to remonstrate with him about his driving. "Why do you go so fast?" our friend asked. Indicating, with a sweep of his hand, the deserted reaches of Park Avenue, Jack London replied, "I guess you might call it the lure of the open road."

Artist

THE new world's champion riveter, who established his title on July 13th, when he drove 3,228 rivets in one working day of seven and a half hours at the Robins Drydock & Repair Company's yard in Brooklyn, is by no means inclined to deprecate his achievement—nor, for that matter, are we. "That's a whole week's work in one day, and there can't anybody ever beat that," he told us. Raymond Davidson is the name. He's twenty-seven, weighs two hundred pounds, has curly brown hair, and combines an orotund manner of speech with a Brooklyn accent. He has been married for eight years, and has one child, named Joan; Joan gets all A's in school, and her parents fear she may be an intellectual. The Davidsons live in a four-room apartment on Forty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, whither we went last week in search of further information about Davidson, and riveting. Davidson averages between seventy-five and a hundred dollars a week, and the apartment reflects a certain prosperity, with an enormous radio jutting out into the living room, an imposing white refrigerator in the kitchen, and many stiff new pieces of furniture sitting around.

By way of giving us background material on his achievement, Davidson discoursed on the theory and practice of riveting. "The thing you got to do is look at it as a kind of an art," he told us. "The heaters, they heat the rivets in the fire there on the deck. Twenty at a time —every time they take one out they put another in, like perpetual motion. One of them picks a rivet up with his tongs

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and slings it up to a passer-boy, and he catches it in his bucket. Then another passer-boy takes the rivet with his tongs and gives it to the holder-on, and the holder-on knocks with his machine from inside the hull, for a signal, because I'm outside and of course I can't see him. Then he puts the rivet through the hole and you take your machine—eighteen pounds, it weighs—and drive the red-hot rivet in, with all your strength, until it's flush against the plate. Then you lay down your machine and pick up your chipper, and chip off the rivet where it sticks out any, then you take your riveter again and finish her off—flat, smooth, round as a silver dollar. Then the holder-on knocks and out comes another rivet. I'd know my rivets anywhere," Davidson added. "I can walk up and down the side of a ship and tell who drove every rivet."

The riveting record is naturally much coveted among shipyard workers. Lately, it had been shuttling back and forth across the country, between a yard in Maine and one in San Francisco. When the Robins yard decided to try for it, it stood at 2,864. A contest was staged between Davidson and a fellow-worker. Both broke the existing record, the runner-up driving 3,006 rivets while Davidson drove 3,228. Davidson honestly believes that his record is a permanent one. "When the whistle blew, and somebody threw a bucket of water over me, and the score-keeper said three thousand two hundred and twenty-eight, I damn near dropped my machine," he told us. "There's nobody ever going to be that good again. The Lord himself couldn't shoot more rivets into a ship shell than my gang and I did that day." Davidson scrupulously explained that he had made his record with an assisting crew of seven instead of the usual five. He had an extra heater, and there were two reamers instead of one. "Reamers?" we asked. He explained that a reamer precedes the riveter, making sure that holes in the two plates to be riveted are lined up correctly and free of obstacles. "Reaming's sort of dumb work," he added. "You learn it in maybe ten minutes, at the age of twelve, and there you are, a trained reamer for the rest of your life. But what does it get you? Just more reaming." Under the prevailing piecework arrangement, Davidson's earnings on the day he broke the record were $110.20.

K.P.

STORIES about the rigors of Army life, or about the lack of it, continue to trickle in. One lad we've recently heard from wanted to tell us about his first experience with K.P. He reported to the kitchen full of gloomy forebodings concerned with potatoes, but there wasn't a potato in sight. He was given a fork and told to flute the edges of the pies. There were a couple of thousand pies, and the job took him all day. He says he wouldn't be a bit surprised, next time, to find himself assigned to making butter balls.

Book Evacuation

ALL the valuable books in the main branch of the Public Library have softly and silently vanished away for the duration. Right now, should a bomb drop square on the southwest corner of Fifth and Forty-second, it would damage no single volume valued at more than a hundred dollars. When, shortly after Pearl Harbor, an Army detachment planted itself nextdoor, in Bryant Park, it was borne in on the Library officials that its rare volumes and documents might be in a bad spot. At that time, we are told, each of the curators

"Why don't you join the Army?"

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made his own plans as to which volumes he would rescue when the alert sounded. A couple of weeks later, orders were issued for the heads of each division to make ready for evacuation those items whose loss would be a "national tragedy." In this category came the Gutenberg Bible, the original of Washington's Farewell Address, the Columbus holograph, and the first edition of Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Along with fifty-six other nationally tragic items, these were stored in a local bank vault. Later, in February, thirty-five hundred more items, valued at a total of $5,000,000, were stored in another bank vault, several miles away from the first. These included various Shakespeare folios, some early Americana, all the Library's Presidential papers, and a large part of its Dickens collection.

The real, terrific evacuation, however, came on May 27th, when twelve thousand books and manuscripts, less valuable than the preceding loads but in the aggregate still worth a cool ten million, were carted two hundred and fifty miles away from the city, to a safe and secret place. They were wrapped in paper, then tucked into ordinary grocery cartons, a thousand of which were used. Early in the morning the cartons were loaded into a couple of moving vans, and a police escort was provided for the great trek, which started at five. The first stop was the Morgan Library, where three hundred cartons of rare and tax-free volumes were picked up for transportation to the same refuge. By six-thirty that evening, all the books were safe in their new shelter, the location of which the attendant police, moving men, and Library officials are under patriotic oath not to reveal. "Not a slipup, not an error. It was like moving out of a studio apartment," one of the Library men told us, employing what seemed to be a highly inapposite simile.

Mr. Paul North Rice, a genial, white-haired man who serves as chief of the Library's Reference Division, told us that the move was "like a beautiful dream you have as a child. Never have I slept so well as on the night of May twenty-seventh," he said. Mr. Rice had part of the responsibility for a decision to make the journey without insurance, the quoted premium of $2,400 having seemed excessive. His complacence is that of a man who has successfully put one over on the capitalist system. A few headaches remain, of course, the biggest being what to do, if anything, with the Stuart Collection, comprising rare coins, odd books, and some paintings. This collection was given to the Lenox Library before 1895, when the Lenox was consolidated with the city library system, and there are certain stipulations: it must be kept together and must be in a room closed to the public on Sundays. The Library authorities would like to put away for safekeeping some of the paintings, notably a Corot and an Inness; the books and coins are largely duplicates and without great value. They can promise that, wherever the paintings go, the public won't be admitted Sunday or any other day, but of course the collection would technically be broken up, for a while. A liberal attitude on the part of the Library trustees is indicated in this matter, since they have allowed reference books presented with the stipulation that they were

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not to be taken from the reference room to be evacuated for the duration. About twenty thousand more books are due to be shipped to the mysterious shelter, after which the Library will just sit tight.

Democratic Incident

ONE sunny afternoon last week several urchins who had been swimming in the East River managed to sneak over the private bridge leading to the River Club pool. They were having a high old time when an attendant, becoming suspicious, accosted them. "To whom shall I charge this swim?" he asked. One of the lads had a prompt and reasonable answer. "To Butch LaGuardia," he said.

Gandhi's Friend

NO question about it, the journalist of the hour is Louis Fischer, who is back in this country after a trip to the eastern war area which included a week's visit with Mohandas Gandhi. We gathered, in the course of a chat with Mr. Fischer, that his interviews with Gandhi were distinguished by exhaustiveness and informality; they talked two hours a day, Gandhi wearing his customary loincloth and Fischer his pajamas, which had blue and white stripes. When Fischer wasn't in Gandhi's presence, he just wore the pants. After every interview, Fischer withdrew to his own quarters, put his feet in a tub of water to cool them off, and wrote out his notes on a portable typewriter, doing his best to put down every word Gandhi had said. Using paper intended for a small looseleaf notebook, he accumulated during the week a packet of notes four inches thick, single-spaced and typed on both sides. As your newspaper has already told you, Fischer is in sympathy with Gandhi's present stand and thinks Gandhi is not getting a very fair break in the press over here.

Gandhi's life, as Fischer observed it, was ruled by a large dollar watch that he wore suspended from his waistband by a chain, Fischer told us. Everything was timed to the minute—meals, interviews, going to bed, and getting up. His day began at five in the morning, but this isn't as bad as it sounds, since bedtime was eight-thirty in the evening. He breakfasted on mangoes, which Fischer thinks are dandy. "Mangoes are just about the biggest discovery I made in India," he told us, dreamily. "Perfectly incredibly good, you know. They taste like orange wine, fine orange wine." However, his approval of Gandhi's diet, even when Gandhi isn't fasting, is not unqualified. For example, the main dish at the evening meal was an unsightly and unexciting mixture of spinach and squash, served in a copper bowl. After eating this for two days, he said, "Mr. Gandhi, I think you're a great thinker and a great leader and a great man, but I cannot eat this mess." Gandhi just smiled at this outburst, and Fischer filled himself thereafter on such side dishes as raw onions and potatoes boiled in their jackets. During all their conversations, Gandhi asked about only two Americans, Upton Sinclair and Dr. Kellogg. Fischer told Gandhi he didn't know any Dr. Kellogg. "Dr. Frank Kellogg, of course," Gandhi said, with a good deal of scorn. "The famous food expert in Battle Creek, Michigan."

Still on the subject of food, Fischer told us that Gandhi emphasized his disapproval of the idea of untouchables by having food for himself and his guests cooked by them. Every meal began with a prayer that ends in the words "Shaanti, Shaanti, Shaanti." "Shaanti" means "peace." Aside from such formalities, Gandhi went in for being free and easy, and even colloquial. Occasionally he would start an interview by telling Fischer to "fire away." Gandhi took a walk twice a day and had an hour's nap in the afternoon. While he was talking or dictating to one of his secretaries (he had a total of eight), his wife kept wringing out a cold cloth and wiping his head. Fischer did not find him the comic figure of the newspaper cartoons. "He has long, slender feet and hands—beautiful hands," he told us. When Fischer left, Gandhi wrote a letter asking him to come back sometime. This Fischer intends to do, if it's ever possible. "I wasn't just his guest, I was his friend, see?" he said.

"Who do I see about being converted to defense work?"

• •

Pets

PIGEONS in the Murray Hill Hotel, alas—pigeons emerging, to be exact, from under the bed of a lady who had checked in and retired with nothing further from her thoughts than pigeons. The pigeons, two in number, didn't do anything very alarming. They simply came out from under the bed, in the early dawn, walked over to the window, and flew out, without even leaving their key at the desk. The lady mentioned this incident to the clerk when she came down for breakfast. The clerk nodded, mildly interested. "Probably one of the previous occupants encouraged them to stay," he murmured.

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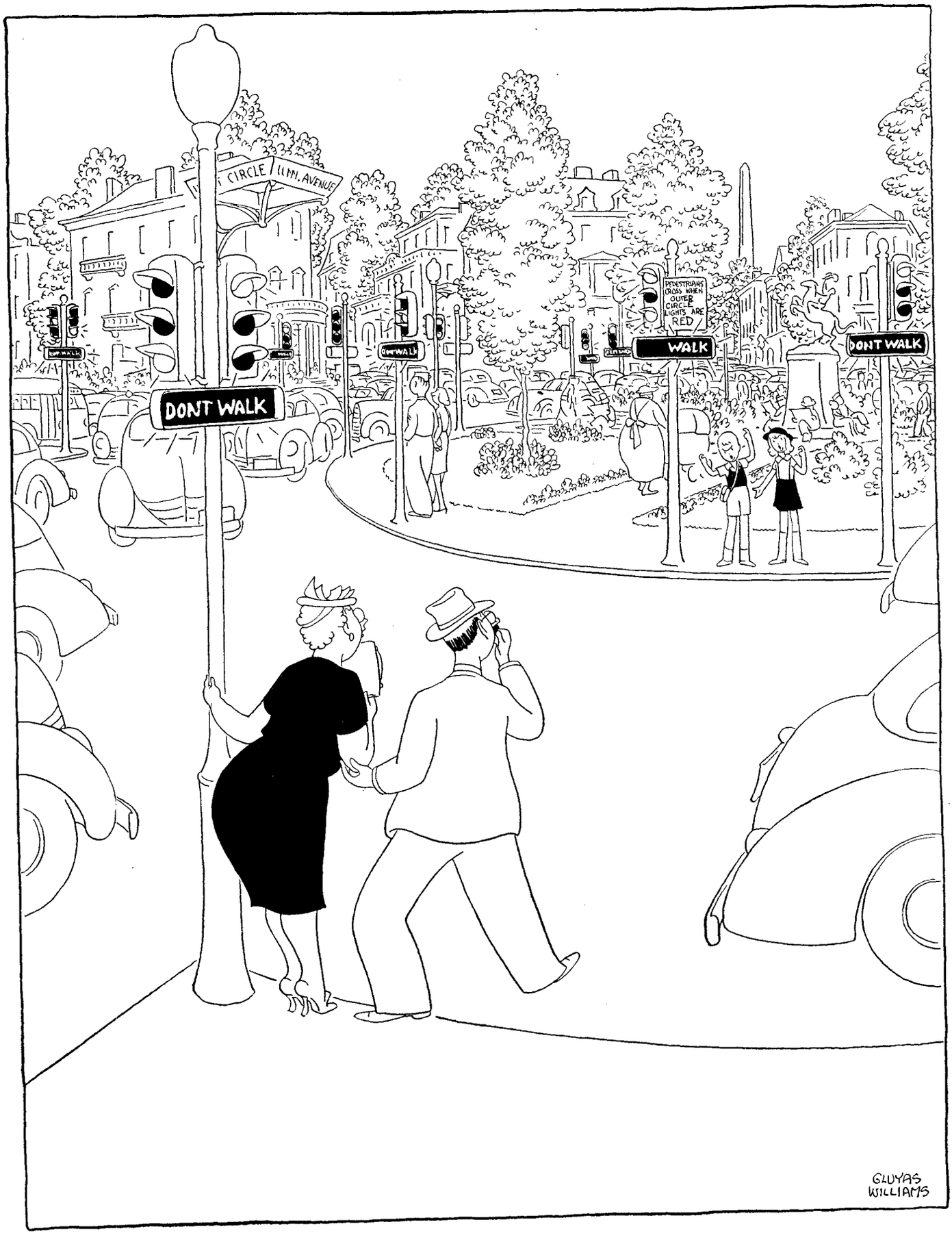

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Traffic Circle

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FRONT AND CENTRE, KIDDIES!

I KNOW it sounds incredible, but up to yesterday there was not the slightest indication from the New England Council of Hotel and Resort Proprietors regarding its slogan for the summer. As June faded slowly into July, thoughtful people began biting their nails and wondering what was amiss. "What slogan will govern more than a few New England resort hotels this summer?" everybody kept asking himself fretfully, lying down in a hammock and shading his face with a white drill hat. Then, just as the tension had become well-nigh unbearable, the Council broke silence in an electrifying release to the Boston *Globe*:

"Keep the guests tired out and happy" is the slogan that will govern more than a few New England resort hotels this summer, according to a survey recently completed by the New England Council. . . . One particularly inspired New Hampshire hotel man outlined his plan for the current season so well that his program will be adopted by many another hotel in New England this summer.

"There'll be no rocking chair brigade here, if we can prevent it," he said. . . . "This year everyone in our establishment will double in brass. We're eliminating the doorman and stationing a bellhop outside. He'll also deliver cars (if any) to our garage. Everybody, including the manager, doubles in something. All help will be well paid and well fed. Two or three times during the season, we plan to give the employees a dinner and have the guests wait on them. . . . Our main job is to keep everything moving at such a fast pace the guests will forget to complain about anything," he said.

For the benefit of any shut-in forced to forego his annual visit to Franconia, Truro, or Bar Harbor by his bank balance or the OPA, I submit a reasonable facsimile of what he might have encountered. To properly establish the mood, one should rub the ankles lightly with poison ivy and swallow a bad clam.

(*Scene: The porch of Eagle's Mere, at Durfee's Notch in the Berkshires. As the curtain rises, Pudovkin, the manager, is discovered lounging on the steps. He wears a bellhop's jacket much too small for him and chews on a half-dead cigar. The Bessemers, a stout, middle-aged couple, totter slowly up the driveway, laden with baggage. They collapse on the gravel, their faces streaming.*)

PUDOVKIN: Kind of pooped, eh? You'll lose that bay window before we're through with you.

BESSEMER (*panting*): Say, bud, bring me a glass of water, will you?

MRS. BESSEMER: I'll take some plain ginger ale.

PUDOVKIN: Wouldn't you rather have a tall, cool rum collins with mint and lots of ice?

MRS. BESSEMER: Why, that sounds delicious.

PUDOVKIN (*comfortably*): Doesn't it? I'll hop down the mountain and get one. It's only four miles—the exercise'll do me good.

BESSEMER: Look, if it's any trouble, I'd just as soon—

PUDOVKIN: Nonsense, that's what I'm paid for, to run down every time some lush wants a snort. Or if you prefer, I can carry you down on my back.

MRS. BESSEMER (*nervously*): Maybe we ought to register first, Roy. Is the manager around?

PUDOVKIN: You're looking at him.

BESSEMER: That's right—of *course!* You've heard me speak of Mr. Pudovkin, lovekin—I mean, love.

MRS. BESSEMER: Many times.

BESSEMER: Well, this is Mr. Pudovkin. (*A pause*) You remember me—Roy Bessemer. I've been coming here for years.

PUDOVKIN (*shortly*): I've seen the face. It isn't the kind you recall.

MRS. BESSEMER: We'll just slip up to the room, if it's ready.

PUDOVKIN: It will be, when you change the linen. Did you bring a broom?

BESSEMER: Yes, right here in the golf bag. Rhoda's got the oil mop and the Dutch Cleanser in her suitcase.

PUDOVKIN: Wait a minute, you. What's that niblick doing there?

BESSEMER (*guiltily*): Er, I, I figured I'd play a few holes—you know, after my chores were done and like that—

PUDOVKIN (*savagely*): And get out of mowing the lawn, eh, you little sneak? I've got half a mind to bundle you back to town. If I didn't need waiters for the employees' banquet tonight—

BESSEMER: Honest, Mr. Pudovkin, I don't have to use the greens. I'll practice in my room; it's more fun anyway.

PUDOVKIN: Well, we'll let it ride this once, but watch your step, Bosco. All right, go up and dress; you'll never get those napkins folded.

MRS. BESSEMER: Hurry, Roy, we'll have time for a quick bath.

PUDOVKIN: You don't think we turn the water on just for guests, do you?

MRS. BESSEMER: I'm not particular. An old rain barrel's plenty good enough for me.

PUDOVKIN: I know your kind. First it's a bit of soap, then ice water, and the next thing I know, you want the same food as the help. Now beat it. I don't like a lot of riffraff lousing up the front of the house.

BESSEMER: Yes, sir. Did you wish to see our references, Mr. Pudovkin?

PUDOVKIN (*wearily*): No, they're probably forged anyway.

(*As the Bessemers exit, the curtain is lowered to denote the lapse of an hour. It rises on the dining room. Pudovkin, Nick, the busboy, and Hedwig, the maid, are seated amid rows of empty tables receding into the gloom. They wear paper hats marked "Savannah Line" and languidly sip their consommé, Pudovkin without removing his cigar. The Bessemers, in decent black, fuss over the second course at the sideboard.*)

PUDOVKIN (*cackling*): Wait, you haven't heard the payoff. So we break down the door, and there's Mrs. Poultney in the Senator's pajamas!

NICK: Ha, ha, that's a pip! (*Snapping his fingers at Bessemer*) Hey, droopy, you forgot the butter chips.

BESSEMER: Coming right up, Mr. Eumenides.

HEDWIG (*indignantly*): Say, is this supposed to be chicken consommé?

PUDOVKIN: Boy, what a swindle. Waitress!

MRS. BESSEMER: Yes, sir?

PUDOVKIN: If this is chicken consommé, so is Lake Louise. And you can tell the manager I said so.

MRS. BESSEMER: But you're the manager, Mr. Pudovkin.

PUDOVKIN (*to the others*): Well,

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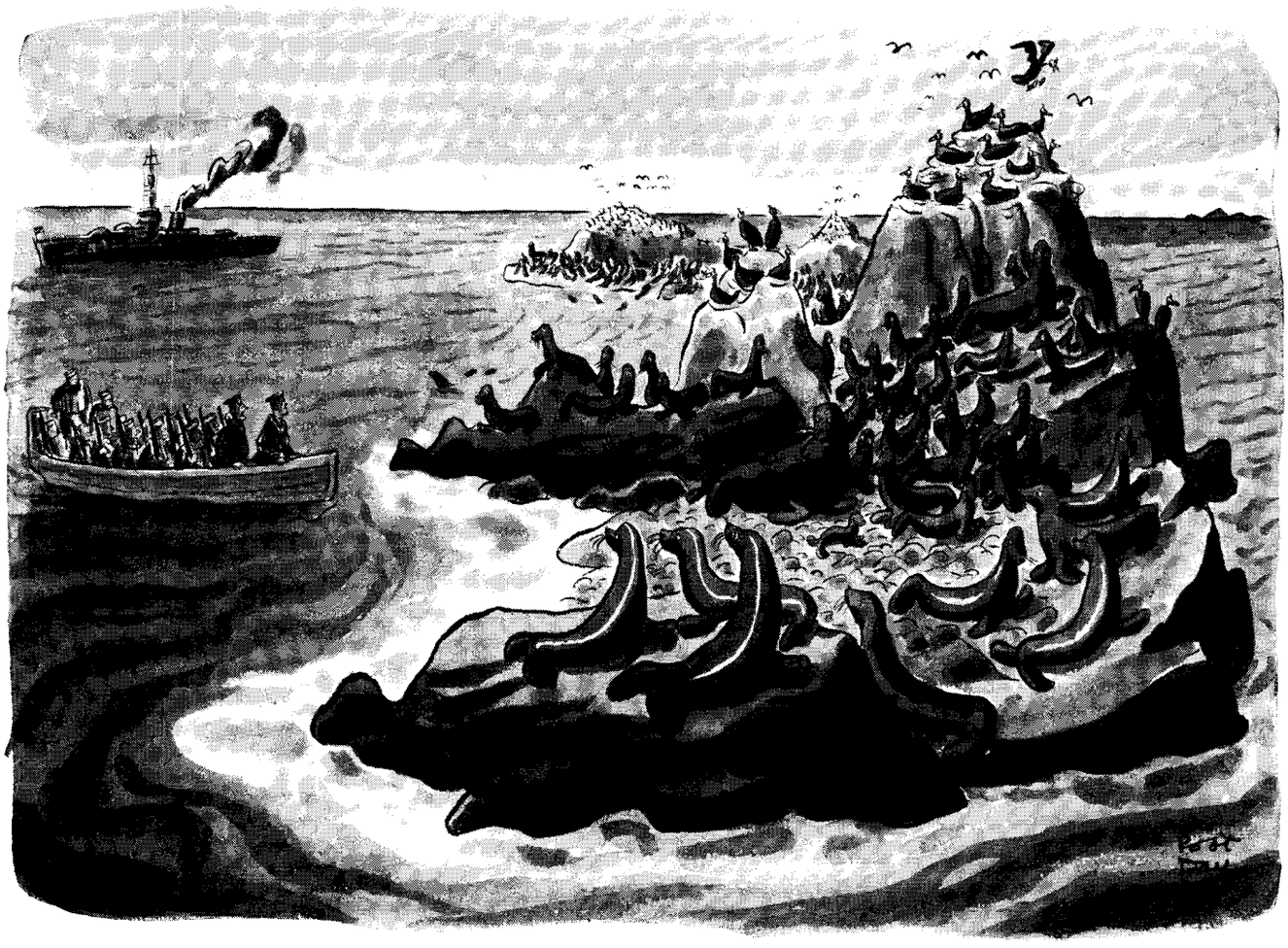

"Find out who's in charge."

• •

I've heard all the excuses, but that's a new one.

NICK (*pinching Mrs. Bessemer*): Hello, sweetie pie, how's about a little loving?

MRS. BESSEMER (*giggling*): Now you stop. I've got my work to do.

NICK: She's a red-hot mamma. I'll date her up yet.

HEDWIG (*taking out some crocheting*): Skirt-crazy, if you ask me. A regular wolf.

PUDOVKIN: Hell, you're only young once. What are you making, Miss Swenson?

HEDWIG: It's an all-purpose accessory. This way it's a purse, but when you put it on your head, it becomes a beanie.

PUDOVKIN: Very flattering. Listen, that reminds me. (*Lowering his voice*) How much do you give these people?

HEDWIG: I generally leave a dime. That's all the service is worth.

NICK: Or the grub either. Jeez, it's brutal. We should have gone to Siegel's Mere.

PUDOVKIN: Up there you get free samba lessons by the pool.

NICK (*voluptuously*): You said it. Beautiful, shapely maidens with nothing on.

HEDWIG: Don't you ever think of anything else?

NICK: No, it's kind of a hobby with me. Like woodworking.

BESSEMER: Are you ready for the roast, folks?

NICK: What is it—lamb?

PUDOVKIN: It's always lamb. (*He starts uncontrollably as he sees his portion.*)

BESSEMER (*anxiously*): Anything wrong, sir?

PUDOVKIN: Somebody swiped one of the nubbins. (*Slowly*) And I've got a *pretty . . . good . . .* notion who it was. (*He collars Bessemer, plucks from his pocket a napkin containing the missing morsel.*)

BESSEMER (*falling to his knees*): It was midsummer madness, Mr. Pudovkin. Don't turn me in!

PUDOVKIN: There's an ugly name for that sort of thing, Bessemer.

BESSEMER: I know—nubbin swiping. (*Moaning*) The shock will kill my mother.

MRS. BESSEMER: Oh, Roy, for shame! The first night, too—before I even had a chance to steal a towel.

PUDOVKIN (*relenting*): Well, you've had your lesson. The Cannonball passes the junction in twenty minutes. If you're smart, you'll be on it.

MRS. BESSEMER (*fervently*): I'll never forget you, Mr. Pudovkin. I'll save my money and repay—

PUDOVKIN: No. Turn down my bed before you go.

(*They slink out.*)

HEDWIG (*softly*): You're a very gallant gentleman, Mihail Mihailovitch.

PUDOVKIN: No—just a sentimental Slav. (*He clears his throat roughly and lights a fresh cigar.*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

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DELAYED REACTION

IN 1930 I was a student at Marburg University, in Hesse, and politically unconscious. I grew up in a small New England town, where I had been taught to regard the anti-Semitism of the neighbors as unilluminated rather than evil, a vulgar phenomenon, like pianolas or the novels of Harold Bell Wright, and I still felt only a comfortable snobbery toward those who did not appear to understand that Jews had or lacked social distinction according to the individual fact. The provinces are the same everywhere, I thought, Marburg or Fall River.

There were some things in Marburg that bothered me slightly.

"Who are all those people marching?" I used to ask, over and over again. And I was baffled by the inadequacy of the unvarying answer, "It is the youth. They are young people."

So was I young, but I didn't march about it. I tried different shades of lipstick.

And then there were the small children.

"Why are all those children marching?" I asked.

"They are a society. Elections are coming soon."

This was different from collecting campaign buttons and shouting "Davis!" and "Coolidge!" in the schoolyard. It was indecent, like trying to get the baby to take sides when Mamma and Papa fell out. It made me uneasy.

I tried to talk to Kurt about it while we lay on the sands of the little artificial *plage* by the municipal pool.

"You are right," he would say. "Children should not march so. Never mind. You will go home. You can do nothing about it. Pass me the oil, please."

The conduct of life on that strip of sand I still find extremely funny. Sun oils and lotions were newish then, but I have never seen them more abundant or more gravely applied. The tan was a serious object and we pursued it hell for leather, both for density and extent.

The men wore a cloth triangle which left them bare behind but covered the belly up to and just over the navel. Women were permitted to lie face down and lower their suits to the base of the spine, keeping the buttocks covered; then, drawing up the front (quite a job when the suit was wet, tight, and sandy), they might roll over, cooking the shoulders and the upper third of the breasts.

All day long an old woman with a police whistle walked up and down the sands, her eye peeled. At the overexposure of a fraction of an inch, she would stop, stare, and let loose a blast like a locomotive at a grade crossing. I knew one very tall man whose triangle was hopelessly inadequate. His navel was good for a shattering toot at practically every other round.

Incredibly, I never met anyone there, except Kurt, who found the procedure at all amusing. The rest of them just went on gravely rubbing in the sun oil, happy that life was being conducted with due regard for law and order.

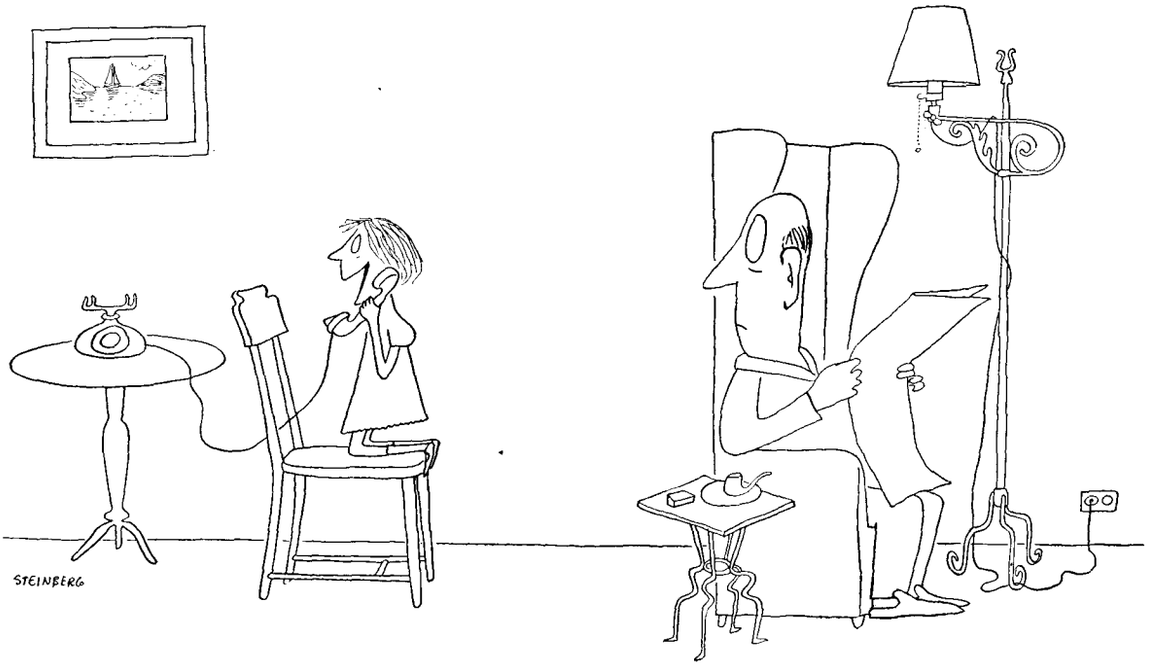
Kurt was a fellow-student. He was a charming person, slender and close-built, with a dignified and wholly masculine grace of bearing. His color, usually high, came and went like a child's. He was literally thin-skinned, but while he was sensitive, he was quite unself-conscious. His generosity, too, was astounding. Once a party of us on a sightseeing trip were travelling in one of those third-class wooden coaches with the long benches. I remember him, standing up, balanced easily against the jolting, his matter-of-fact hands doling out the sandwiches he had provided for his own lunch to a pair of small children who had eyed them wishfully. He did not notice what he was doing or wonder for a moment that others did not do likewise.

AS a college, Marburg was one for the books—"Student Prince" business, uniforms with little, gilt-braided caps, *Brüderschaft*, songs and beer in the morning, duelling. I was amazed to find that the scarred face was still a guerdon. But Kurt laughed at the duelling. He said it was *Atavismus*, and he would have no part of it.

His father was *Bürgermeister* of a small town to the south, a spa famous for a fine Romanesque ruin. Our class in medieval architecture once made an overnight excursion to study the building. The *Bürgermeister* had grandly invited us all to dinner at his home, with an evening of wine and music at the *Kurhaus* to follow.

Kurt was in gay spirits on the train, but as we entered his house, a tightness and pallor came over him. He became formal, less attractive. At a first meeting then you would have put him down for a rigid, overpunctilious young man, rather on the anemic side.

Until then the only houses I had seen in Germany had been decorated in a light, handsome "modernistic" style,



"Hello, is this the State Department?"

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with no more than an occasional crocheted tea cozy to bring up the heavier-textured past, and the *Bürgermeister's* home knocked me right off my base. It was like a stageset; it had everything. There were huge black-oak wardrobes all carved with fruit and faces, there were plush hangings with ball fringe, there were busts of Bismarck and Goethe. And when the *Bürgermeister* clicked his size-thirteen shoes and bent a fat, really fat, six-foot-six body over my hand, I could hardly believe my eyes. He was a Raemaekers cartoon come to life. Any minute now, I thought, I'll be right under his heel, with "Belgium" written across my tattered shift.

However, I was wrong. I am small, I am not blonde, but somehow or other the old boy seemed to feel at once that I was his very ideal of Aryan womanhood. Never in my life have I had a more definite immediate success. I was the distinguished foreign guest. I sat beside him at dinner. I rode in his car to the *Kurhaus*.

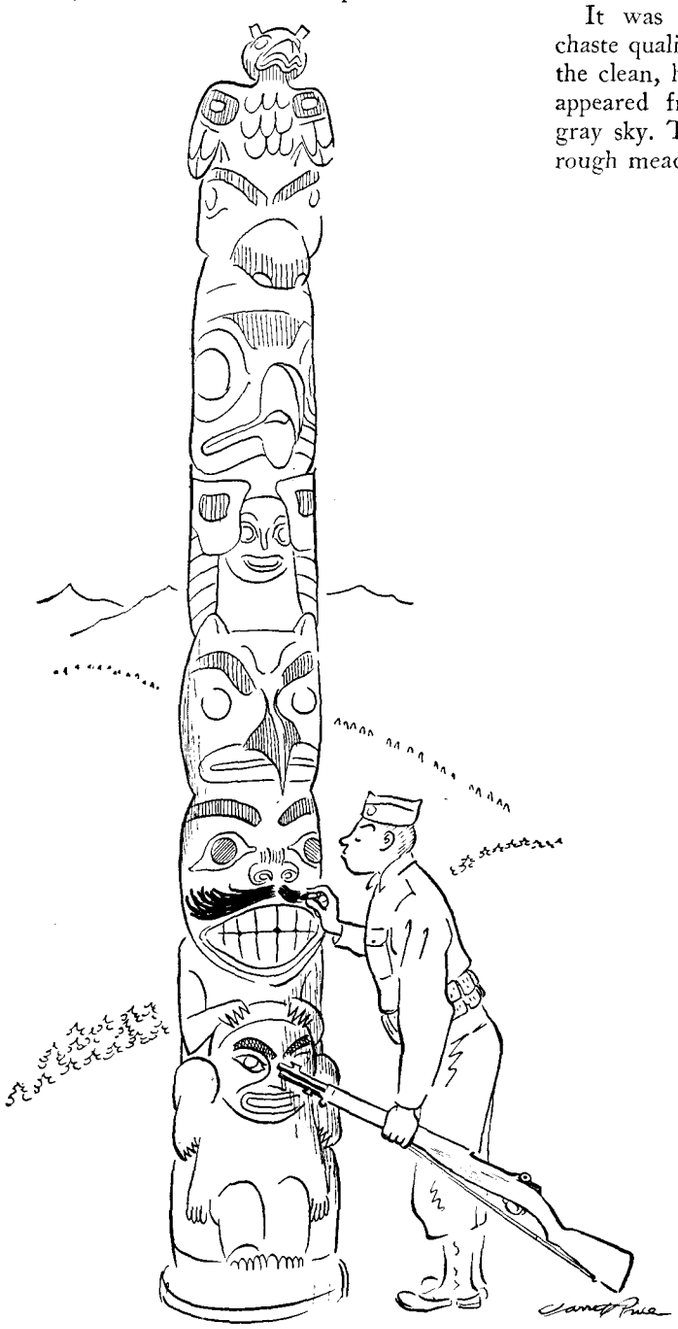
THE evening was colossal. Every few minutes the *Bürgermeister* rose from my side and toasted me. In Germany one drinks one's own toast. Sips mount up, and I became fluent. I don't know what led us to genealogies, but in time the *Bürgermeister* and I discovered that a forefather of mine had decimated the command of a forefather of his in Rhode Island when the Hessians were thrown against Sullivan and Lafayette at Butts Hill. This revelation, far from alienating his affections, merely seemed to add respect to the baser emotions already evident. He began to ask my advice.

His boy, Kurt. Had I observed him? Well, he was worried about Kurt. Times were changing, people were waking up, but Kurt had no interest except old buildings and music. Jews, too. The *Privat-dozent* with us was a Jew. . . . Well, that could not be helped. But Kurt made friends with Jews, he paid them visits. The university was not to blame. He'd gone there himself. Good university. His hand stroked his scarred face, reminiscent. The hard tracery under his fingers seemed to remind him of another worry. Yes, about the way the boy would not duel. As a small child, he had not been cowardly. Did I think, did I feel . . .

There was some hesitation. Eventually I realized that the old man was trying to ask me if I thought Kurt was homosexual. As definitely as I could without indelicacy, I assured him that I did not. I suppose he was getting tipsy, for his cheeks were purple, but I quite liked him for a moment. He was stupid, he was clownish, but I was touched by the anxiety in his thick face, the classic bewilderment of the parent who finds himself helpless to prevent his child's suffering.

"I do not know what comes now, or what will happen to Kurt," he said. "He is not German."

His own words appeared to startle him out of his vinous haze. He changed the conversation abruptly by beating on the table with his fist and directing the orchestra to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." They didn't know it and, at my request, they played "Wiener Blut" instead.



NEXT day I had a headache and it was raining hard. The students appeared not to notice the weather. We started immediately after breakfast for the ruin.

It was a building of remarkable, chaste quality. The roof was gone, and the clean, hard arches, the plain walls, appeared from within to support the gray sky. There was no flooring, only rough meadow grass. The Swedes had blown up the building in the Thirty Years' War.

Schwartzstein, the lecturer, talked endlessly. I was chilled to the bone standing there in the wet grass, and the strain of listening to a foreign language—I am a miserable linguist—tired me. I wandered away as quietly as I could, through the high arch at the apse end and down the frost-cracked, weed-laced steps into the crypt.

The rain was misting down lightly now. The stone walls, the clean arches, went up around me like a kind of hard satisfaction. There, at that lower level, everything was perfectly silent. I could not hear Schwartzstein or the students. A wren dropped from the top of the wall to a block of fallen stone, like a withered leaf. When it had sung its little, random, bubbling song and flown off, the place felt even quieter.

The crypt was rank with weeds. Nettles stood waist-high around the walls and there were clumps of a gigantic Queen Anne's lace, the

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"And so we bring to a close another round-table forum . . ."

• •

broad white flowers waving level with my face. I felt my headache going away and a light, empty freshness taking its place.

"I never saw anything like this place," I whispered inanely. "I never saw anything like it."

It was indeed a most dreamlike place, like a romantic childhood fantasy come true, and it was oddly relaxing. Aimless, comfortable tears began to run over my cheeks as I stood and stared, adding warm water to cold. I wiped at them vaguely with my black suède gloves.

Then I heard a human sound. Behind me, on the steps, Kurt was whistling, under his breath, the "Kleine Nachtmusik." I turned around.

His color and sturdy grace had come back. He looked careless and well.

"So," he said. "Stay still a minute and do not speak. You are making me remember something."

"I was trying to remember something myself," I said, wondering why my voice came so low and with such difficulty.

Then he laughed. "I have it," he said. "It was the frontispiece to my dearest book of *Märchen*, my Hans Andersen."

"Why, yes!" I replied, startled. "That is just what I was trying to think of. It was the princess who had come to the churchyard to weave the nettles into shirts for her brothers. They were turned into swans and she was breaking the spell. And the nettles burned her tender hands, and she couldn't speak a word till everything was done."

There was surprise and pleasure in his answer. "In America children read this story?"

"Of course. Children are the same everywhere."

"Yes, I suppose they are, even the little ones that march. . . . Well, I shall read these stories to my children."

I turned directly toward him then and looked into his face. All the tenderness and generosity, all the essential innocence, which, alas, is never enough for the demands of this life, were open and unprotected there. I did not in the least understand his situation, but I felt a sudden responsibility toward him and a profound guilt, as if there were something I should do to help him and it was my fault that I did not know what it was. I looked away, at the arches, the nettles, the tall lace flowers. I swallowed, silent.

Then he laughed.

"*Ach*," he said—I can hear his voice —"*Sie haben ein grosses Schnurrbart.*"

He took out his handkerchief and began to scrub the black smudge of my gloves from my upper lip. I laughed too, and we were still laughing when Schwartzstein came down with the students to continue the lecture.

I HAVE no idea where Kurt is now. I rather suppose he is dead, for he had no unusual staying power. Nevertheless, the greatest tragedy does not reside in the individual, and I shall think it is well enough with him if the peace makes a place for gentle and innocent people in his country again.

—VICTORIA LINCOLN

•

A Phi Beta Kappa without any illusions, intellectual or otherwise, she answers her husband's weekly letters daily.—*The Times.*

No illusions, perhaps, but a definite gift.

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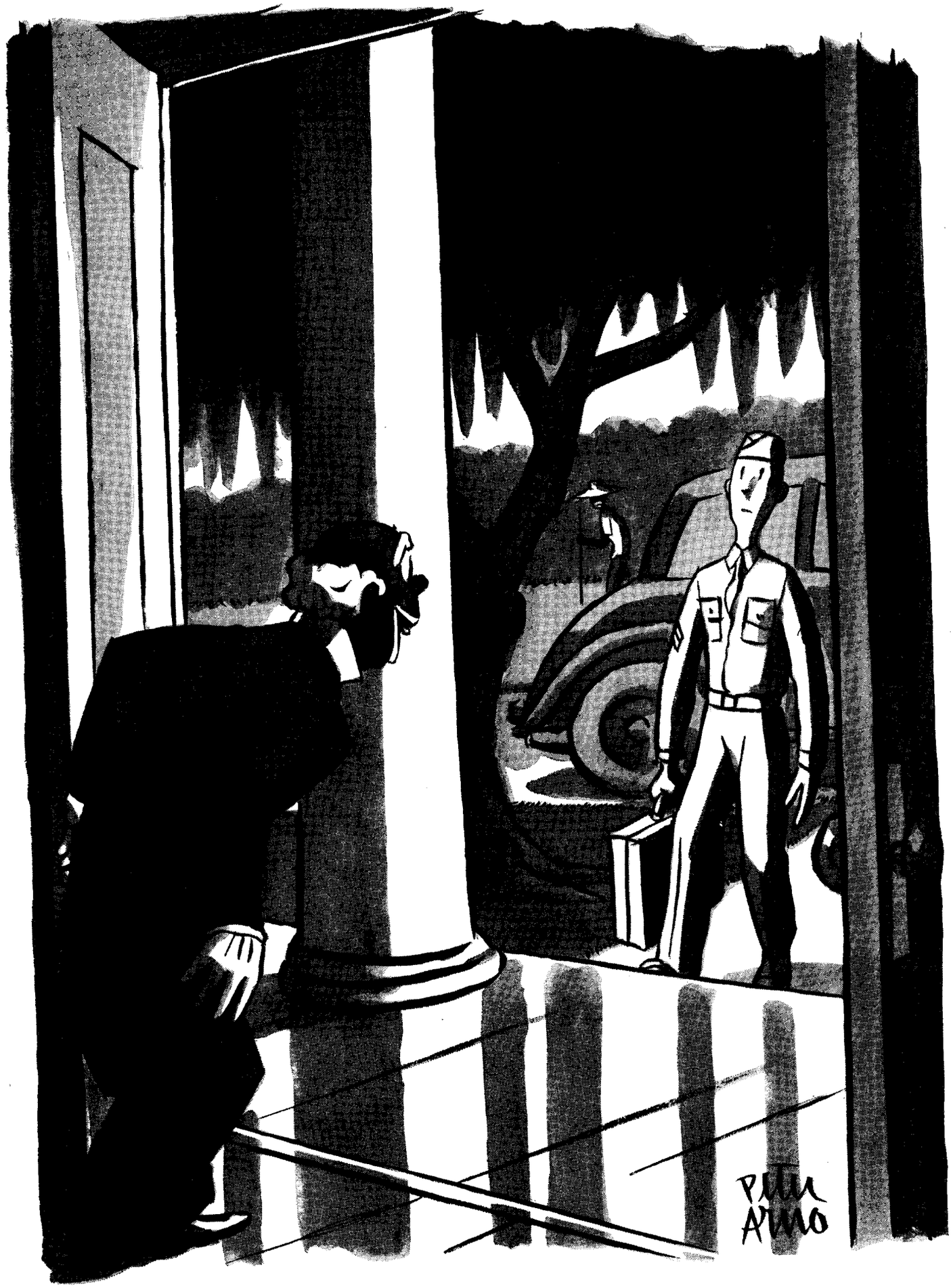

"Welcome home, Colonel Bagley, suh! Welcome home!"

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PROFILES

KING OF THE GYPSIES

THERE are at least one dozen gypsy kings in the city. All are elderly, quarrelsome, and self-appointed. One of them, Johnny Nikanov, a Russian, sometimes called King Cockeye Johnny by the detectives of the Pickpocket Squad, is a friend of mine. I became acquainted with him in the fall of 1936. I was covering the Criminal Courts Building for a newspaper and spent a part of every working day in the back office of Samuel Rothberg's bail-bond establishment, diagonally across Centre Street from the Courts, where lawyers, cops, probation clerks, and the loafers of the neighborhood assembled to play pinochle. Among Rothberg's clients were practically all of the gypsy pickpockets, wallet-switch swindlers, and fortune-tellers, and King Cockeye Johnny came in now and then to get a bail bond written for one of his subjects. After transacting his business, he would always swagger into the back office and take a hand in the game. When the pinochle players saw him coming they would pretend to be alarmed. They would slap their hands over the money on the table and shout warnings at each other, such as "Stick your dough in your shoes, boys! Here comes Cockeye Johnny!" or "Make way for the king, the king of the pickpockets!" Johnny was never offended by their remarks; it seemed to give him a great deal of satisfaction to be looked upon as a thief. Whenever the gypsy reputation for thievery came up in conversation, as it frequently did, he would expand. "To a gypsy feller," he said on several occasions, with pride in his voice, "there ain't but two kinds of merchandise. Lost and unlost. Anything that ain't nailed down is lost." He professed to believe, however, that gypsies are far more honorable than *gajos*, or non-gypsies. He leaned across the table toward Rothberg one afternoon and said, "Mr. Rothberg, you never heard of a gypsy feller stealing an oil well, did you?" "I can't say I did," said Rothberg. "Well," said Johnny triumphantly, "I heard of an American feller that did. Some years back a crowd of us was coming up from Florida in a couple of Ford trucks. The womenfolks had been telling fortunes at county fairs and business had been real bad. We was awful broke. So every night we'd hit some city and siphon gas out of cars that was parked on back streets. We'd steal enough gas to run us through the next day. Nothing was safe from us. I remember draining the tank on a hearse. There was a full moon one night in Washington, D.C., and a cop caught me in the act and throwed me in jail. And I got to talking to the man in the next cell and he said to me, 'There's been a lot of excitement in town over the Teapot Dome.' And I asked him what in hell was that, and he told me it was a big oil well that was stole by one of the President's right-hand men. I bet I laughed for ten minutes. You take a poor, starving gypsy feller, he'll steal a tankful of gas—there's no denying it. But you take a high-class American feller, he'll steal a whole damned oil well."

Johnny was by no means spick-and-span and was constantly scratching; this made those who sat near him at the table apprehensive. "Look here, Cockeye," a policeman said one afternoon, "you got the itch?" "No, sir, not at present," said Johnny. "I haven't had the itch in more than a month." He bummed cigarettes shamelessly, and his tongue was rarely still. Furthermore, he was the winner in almost every pinochle game he entered. However, despite all this, he was a popular figure in the back office, and he appeared to be rather proud of his popularity; at least, unlike Rothberg's other gypsy clients, he did not obviously despise *gajos*. Once he invited a few of the Criminal Courts loafers, including myself, to his home on Sheriff Street for a *patchiv*, or gypsy spree. We ate a barbecued shoat, drank a punch composed of red wine, seltzer, and sliced Elberta peaches, watched the women dance, and had an exceedingly pleasant time. Since then I have often visited Johnny. Whenever I am in the Sheriff Street neighborhood I call on him.

Johnny says that he has been a king of the gypsies off and on since he was a young man, but he has no idea how old he is. "Between forty-five and seventy-five, somewhere in there," he says with characteristic vagueness. "My hair's been white for years and years, and I got seventeen grandchildren, and I bet I'm an old, old man." Johnny is short, potbellied, and jaunty. His face is round and swarthy and sprinkled with smallpox scars. He has high cheekbones and a flattened nose. Because of a cast in his left eye, there is always an alert, skeptical expression on his face; he looks as if he does not believe a word he hears. He wears a black hat something like the Mayor's and carries a silver-headed cane. Whenever he has to attend a wedding or a funeral he puts on boots, riding breeches, and a scarlet silk pajama top which buttons high around the neck and resembles a Russian blouse, but otherwise he dresses like an American. He buys his suits in the Walker Street branch of Moe Levy's, as do the majority of the gypsies in the city. He never owns more than one suit at a time. His current one is beetle green. Most nights he sleeps in it. As a rule Johnny is unobtrusively drunk by noon. He is a gin-drinker. He says that he never drinks less than five quarts a week. He mixes gin with Pepsi-Cola, half and half, and calls the mixture old popskull. Johnny is a highly skilled coppersmith, but he brags that he hasn't touched a tool since 1930. "I despise to work," he says. "It makes me bilious. If I had to take a steady job or be exterminated, I would beg to be exterminated."

A gypsy gets to be a king by calling himself one. There is not a king in the city who has the respect of more than

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"Why, Stalin has a dimple! I never noticed it before."

• •

fifty families, but all the kings make big, conflicting boasts about the extent of their jurisdiction. Until King Steve Kaslov was sent to a federal penitentiary a few weeks ago, to serve a year and a day for swearing to draft boards that certain of his unmarried youths were married, he was perhaps the most powerful. Steve, whose headquarters were on Attorney Street, always claimed to be the *o boro*, or supreme ruler, of all the Russian gypsies in the United States. Actually, he was the spokesman for approximately fifty families on the lower East Side. King Frankie Mitchell, of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, who calls himself a Russian on some days and a Serbian on others, has been disputing Steve's claim to supremacy for many years. "*I* am the head of all the Russians in the United States," Frankie says. "I am also the head of all the Serbians in the same territory." Frankie is the head of about twenty families. King Tene Bimbo, of Spanish Harlem, a Serbian who has a record of a hundred and fourteen arrests, is hated by his people; detectives say that except for members of his own family there is hardly a gypsy who will go near him. He maintains, however, that he is the king of all the Russian, Serbian, and Rumanian gypsies in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Johnny is similarly boastful. When he is full of old popskull and talking to a *gajo*, he claims that he is the head king of all the Russian, Serbian, Rumanian, Syrian, Turkish, Bulgarian, German, and English gypsies in the whole of North America. When he is cold sober, however, and in a truthful mood he says that he is the king of exactly thirty-eight families of Russian gypsies—about two hundred and thirty men, women, and children, to all of whom he is related by blood or marriage. He refers to them as "my crowd." Officials of the Police and Welfare Departments concede that Johnny has these families under his thumb, but they annoy him now and then by suggesting that he call himself spokesman rather than king. "To the Department of Welfare, I may not be no king," he recently told one of these officials, "and to the King of England, I may not be no king, but to those poor, persecuted gypsies that I run myself knock-kneed looking after their personal welfare, I am king."

JOHNNY does not know how many gypsies there are in the city, and neither does anyone else. Estimates range between seven and twelve thousand. Their forefathers came from every country in Europe, but the majority call themselves Russians, Serbians, or Rumanians. They are split into scores of vaguely hostile cliques, but they intermarry freely, speak practically the same dialect of Romany, the universal gypsy language, and are essentially alike. They are predominantly of the type that anthropologists call nomad gypsies; that is, unlike the Hungarian fiddler gypsies, for example, they never willingly become sedentary. They are contemptuous of the Hungarians, calling them house gypsies. In the past the nomads straggled from Maine to Mexico, spending only the winters in the city, but since the depression fewer and fewer have gone out on the road. Johnny has not been farther away than Atlantic City since 1934. At least two-thirds receive charity or relief of one sort or another. The gypsy kings are authorities on relief regulations; they know how to get their families on relief and keep them there. In the city, gypsies prefer to scatter out, but there are colonies of them on the lower East Side, on the eastern fringe of Spanish Harlem, and on Varet Street, in the Williams-

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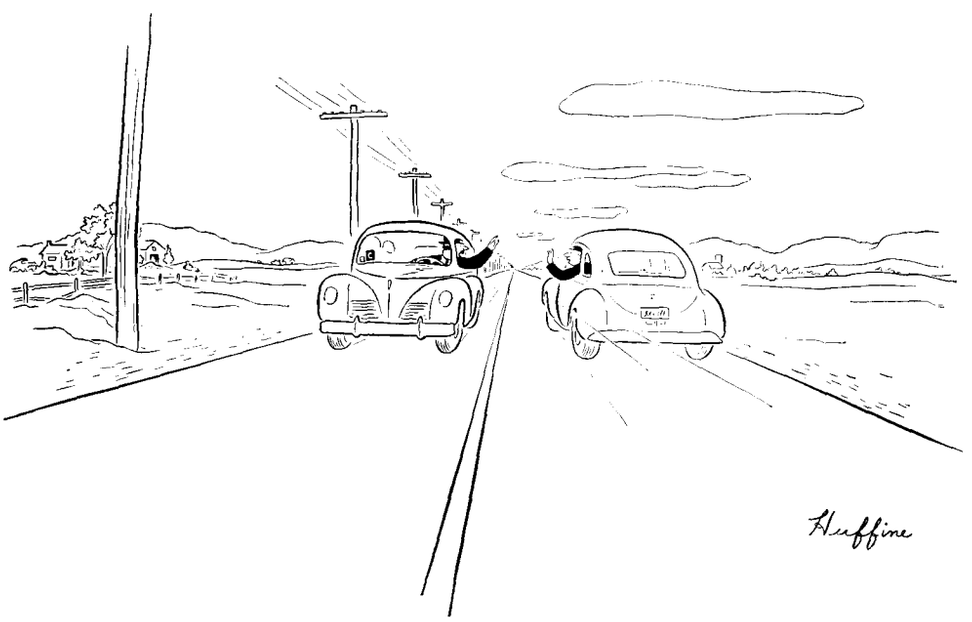
burg neighborhood of Brooklyn. They rent the cheapest flats in the shabbiest tenements on the worst blocks. Three or four families often share one flat. They move on the spur of the moment; in the last two years one family has given seventeen addresses to the Department of Welfare. In the summer, like all slum people, they bring chairs to the sidewalks in front of their houses and sit in the sun. They nurse their babies in public. They have nothing at all to do with *gajo* neighbors. Even the kids are aloof; they play stick- and stoopball, but only with each other. The children are dirty, flea-ridden, intelligent, and beautiful; one rarely sees a homely gypsy child. They are not particularly healthy, but they have the splendid gutter hardihood of English sparrows. Practically all the adults are illiterate and only a few of the children have spent much time in public school. Johnny says he has never heard of a gypsy who went through high school. Both parents and children are opposed to education and they fight hysterically with truant officers. Not long ago one truant officer said that the very word "gypsy" made him shudder. All are able to speak slum English as well as Romany. Among themselves they use Romany exclusively. Some of the older ones are multilingual. Johnny can carry on conversations, volubly, in Russian, Rumanian, Romany, and English. They believe in child marriage; most gypsy brides and grooms are in their early teens. Brides have a price. Johnny sold his daughter, Rosie, to a Chicago gypsy in 1937 for $875. Each person has two first names, a travelling or *gajo* name, and a home or gypsy name. Johnny's home name is Lazillia. Wives use their husbands' first names; Dovie, say, becomes Dovie Steve, Annie becomes Annie Mike.

The older men are able coppersmiths and horse-traders, but their skills are anachronous. Some occasionally make a little money repairing copper stockpots for restaurants and hotels. Almost all of the younger men are good automobile mechanics. They repair their own ramshackle automobiles with odds and ends picked up in junk yards, but they are too temperamental to hold down garage jobs. A few are itinerant saloon musicians; they go from joint to joint on the lower East Side, taking up a collection after entertaining for a half-hour or so. The men pick guitars and the women learn to sing popular songs they have heard on the radio. "Amapola" is one of their favorites. The children, particularly the girls, are gifted beggars. Wearing the castoff clothes of their parents, grimy, and hungry-eyed, a pair of them will dart into a saloon, tap-dance and sing furiously for a few minutes, and then go from drunk to drunk with appealing looks and outstretched palms. When they get home, long after dark, their pockets are crammed with pretzels, potato chips, and small change.

The women are the real breadwinners. All of them are *dukkerers*, or fortune-tellers. They foretell the future by the interpretation of dreams and by the location of moles on the body, lines in the palm, and bumps on the head. This occupation is illegal in the city and they operate furtively. Each woman keeps on hand a stock of a paper-bound book called "Old Gipsy Nan's Fortune Teller and Dream Book." They buy this in bulk from Wehman Brothers, a wholesaler of cheap dream, astrology, sex-education, and joke books, at 712 Broadway, and give one to each client. Then, in case they are arrested, they are able to swear to the magistrate that they did not take money for telling a fortune, that instead they merely sold a book and taught the buyer how to use it. Practically all the *dukkerers* are thieves of one sort or another, and they give the Pickpocket Squad a lot of trouble. One member of the squad, Detective John J. Sheehan, has worked exclusively on gypsy crime for the last nine years. He has learned Romany and has developed a wry admiration for gypsies. They call him Mr. Sheeny. They invite him to weddings and he has often been asked to stand as godfather. He says that most victims of gypsy swindles are ignorant, worried, middle-aged women. "There are thousands upon thousands of women in this city so thick that any gypsy woman can con them out of their lifetime savings without half trying," Detective Sheehan says. "Women that want to know if their husbands are cheating on them, women that think they're about to die with some strange disease, superstitious old German chambermaids—the like of that. If I didn't see it every day, I wouldn't believe it. If a sensible-acting woman goes to a gypsy, she gets her fortune told and that's the end of it. But when one of those thick babies comes along, the *dukkerer* gets down to work. Most of them use a swindle that's old as the hills. We call it the gypsy-switch or the wallet-switch and they call it the *hokkano baro*, the big trick. First of all the gypsy convinces the victim there's something wrong with her insides; usually they say it's cancer. This may take several visits; they like to work slow and get some fun out of it. Pretty soon the victim is so upset she'll do just about anything; when gypsies set their minds to it, they can be more scary than the stuff you'll see in the movies—Boris Karloff, the like of that. Then the gypsy says that money's what's wrong, that the money the victim has been saving for years is unclean, unholy, got the black mark on it. So the victim trots to the bank and withdraws her savings, every red cent, and gives it to the gypsy to be cleaned, or blessed. The gypsy rolls up the bills, sews



"Hi, Doc!"
"Hi, Reverend!"

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BOOGIE-WOOGIE BALLADS

THE UNSOLVED CASE OF HUDDLENUT HUNT

Sing "Let's see!"
Sing "In what way?"
And may your answer be prophetic!
How can Huddlenut Hunt be got
Under an anaesthetic?

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this Huddlenut Hunt is a sawbones, a surgeon, an M.D., Columbia, and a D.M.S., Johns Hopkins, *cum laude*, hot damn! Saw the bones and stitch it, boys! *Cum laude!*

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, he can and does operate for vertigo and apoplexy, for migraine and baldness, for cachexia and chilblains, for elephantiasis and Singapore foot, for asthma and jaundice, for hydrophobia and St. Vitus's Dance, for otitis and scrofula, for high blood pressure and low metabolism, and to insure a satisfactory recovery in a case of ingrown toenail he is not above cutting off a toe. Sharpen that scalpel!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, he once got hold of a multimillionaire who had received a splinter in a thumb while quibbling with a rival over a shuffleboard score and when this man had paid Dr. Hunt's bill he was a one-thumbed millionaire, and not multi. Shuffle the sutures, boys!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, he once brought about a miraculous cure in a case of fallen arches but the patient hasn't yet got used to the artificial feet.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this Hunt started out modestly enough and charged from $25 to $100 for an operation but then he said to himself, "I'm worth more," and raised himself to $250 flat, but then he said to himself, "I'm worth more," and raised himself to $1,000 round, but then he said to himself, "I'm *indispensable!*," and began charging, as they say in medical circles, "*Id quod patietur commercium*," or "Whatever the traffic will bear."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, judging by the fees this Hunt charged after that, you would think he would have been a rich man, and he was. He had a bedside manner and a desk-side manner and an Upper East Side manner and a secretary who could find out more about your financial manner than Dun & Bradstreet. If you made $100,000 a year he charged you $100,000 and if you made $50,000 a year he charged you $50,000 and if you made $25,000 a year he charged you $25,000 and if you made anything under $25,000 he took out your gall bladder and garnisheed your salary.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this Hunt never had an unsuccessful operation because whenever a patient failed to come to after an operation he would just say, "Here goes," ask his secretary how much the patient was worth, and put in a claim on the patient's residuary estate. Probate it, boys!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this Hunt never worried much about the income tax because he adhered, and how, to the theory that it is unethical for a physician to reveal the secrets of his patients, including how much they pay the physician, and when a deputy inspector for the Bureau of Internal Revenue called on him one time, this Hunt made him say "Ah!," gave him a prescription, told him to stay off his feet, and sent him a bill for $500.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, but when the war came along this Hunt did begin to worry because it looked as if nobody would be allowed to make over $25,000 a year, including himself and his patients, but when the government froze rents where they were he said, "Good!" and when the government froze prices where they were he said, "Boy, oh boy!," and now he's waiting happily for the government to freeze doctors' fees where . . .

[*Boogie-woogie*]

So sing "Let's see!"
And sing "In what way?"
And send your answer direct to me!
How can this Hunt be made to submit
To an inept appendectomy?

—S. M.

• •

them inside a little cloth bag, lights some dime-store candles, and blesses the bag with a lot of hocus-pocus. All the time the gypsy has another bag up her sleeve and this has a roll of blank paper in it. After a while she switches bags, and she sews the phony bag securely to the inside of the victim's dress over her heart, and she tells her to wear it that way seven days before opening it. At night she's supposed to put the dress with the bag on it under her pillow. That will make her well. And soon as the victim is out of sight the gypsy family packs up and moves. And a week later the victim runs howling to the police.

"When I arrest the gypsy, nine times out of ten the victim won't go to court and testify. Too scared. A few weeks back I had a woman that had been conned out of eighteen hundred bucks, and she wouldn't go to court. She kept saying, 'The old gypsy lady will put a curse on me and I'll die in my sleep.' Also, plenty of men get stung by gypsies. A gypsy girl stands in a window and beckons and they trot right in. They think they're going to have some kind of sexy adventure. The gypsy girl turns on the radio, dances around with them a few minutes, picks their pockets, and sends them on their way. Some are beautiful pickpockets. All that stuff about passionate gypsy girls is a myth. I've been hanging around gypsies nine long years and I've never yet seen a gypsy tramp. As a class, they're the straightest women in the city so far as sex is concerned. So far as general crookedness is concerned, they'd barbecue their grandmother for fifty cents. They can't help it. It's their nature."

JOHNNY's thirty-eight families live on Suffolk, Ridge, Pitt, Sheriff, Columbia, and Cannon Streets, on the lower East Side. They usually haughtily refer to themselves as Russians, but all are American citizens, less than a dozen speak Russian, and only three families—the Nikanovs, the Sigilovs, and the Pet-

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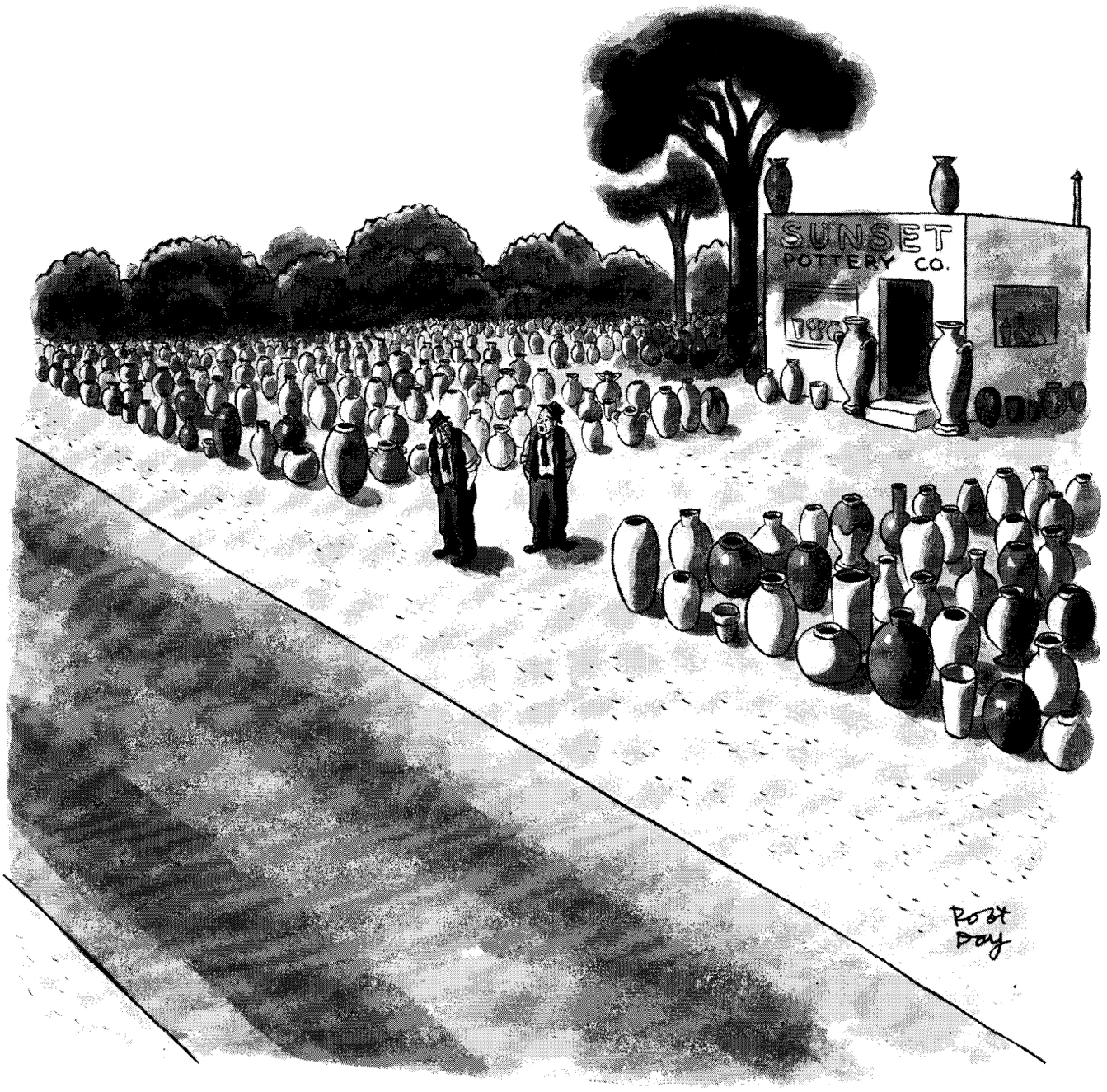

"Maybe we could start a rumor that the government is going to clamp down on pottery."

• •

rovs—still have Russian names. The others have long since translated their Russian names into English equivalents; among them are Smiths, Costellos, Thompsons, Mitchells, Johnsons, Stanleys, and Stevensons. Stefanovitch, for example, became Stevenson. Johnny says that his gypsies are the poorest in the United States. "If you was to turn them all upside down and give them a good shaking," he says, "you couldn't buy a quart of gin with what fell out." They are almost morbidly suspicious of American officialdom, and they send for Johnny whenever they have trouble with policemen, truant officers, relief investigators, health inspectors, clinic doctors, and landlords; he interprets and advises. They have great faith in Johnny's ability to deal shrewdly with *gajos*. Johnny is a passionate speech-maker, and he always presides at weddings, wakes, and parties. "I am the master of ceremony at everything," he says. "That's mainly what a gypsy king is for. It's a job, I tell you, because gypsies are serious about parties. You take the average gypsy, the main thing he wants out of life is a big, drunk party in his honor. Most of our parties don't amount to much. They are just *diwanos*, what we call tongue meetings. That is, we sit around and talk. I lead the talk. A *diwano* is an empty-belly affair. Other kinds are better, such as *pomanas*, where we eat and get drunk in honor of somebody that died, and *slavas*, where we eat and get drunk because somebody had a birthday, and *patchivs*, where we eat and get drunk because there don't seem to be anything better to do. Sometimes we hire a hall on Suffolk Street for big parties, but most any home will do. I guess that's one reason landlords hate the sight of us. If you want to hear some noise, you get a crowd of gypsies full of wine, you'll hear some noise."

Whenever there is a death in his crowd, Johnny goes from home to home and takes up a collection. He hires

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"Which little man saves his money?"

• •

the undertaker and makes arrangements for the funeral with Father Alexander Chechila of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, a small, poor Russian Orthodox Catholic church on Seventh Street, between First Avenue and Avenue A. It is the mother church of all the Russian gypsies in the East and is used by those of other nationalities; last year Father Alexander preached thirty gypsy funerals. "Mr. Chechila is the only preacher I ever saw that gypsies don't make him nervous," Johnny says. "You take the average church, the preacher gets beside hisself when a gypsy comes in. He's afraid the gypsy might steal the bell right out of the steeple. The most of them they won't touch a gypsy funeral. But Mr. Chechila pitches right in. He speaks the words at the church and then he climbs into one of our dirty old cars and goes along to Jersey and speaks the words at the grave. All the New York gypsies bury in a graveyard in Linden, New Jersey. It's cheap. We used to bury in Paterson, but Paterson got too dear. At a gypsy funeral everybody gets full of wine and throws their head back and wails. Sometimes it seems to get on Mr. Chechila's nerves. I guess we treat him real mean. We never go to church except for Easter and for funerals. We just ain't godly people. Here a while back he told me to make my people go to church, and I said to him, 'Mr. Chechila, please excuse me, I don't mean no disrespect, but the only kind of gypsy that needs a preacher is a corpse gypsy.' "

Johnny's gypsies bicker a lot and he often has to act as peacemaker. If a dispute is serious, he holds a Romany *kris*, or gypsy trial, in his home; each disputant and each witness is permitted to speak as fully as he wishes so long as he doesn't bore Johnny, who presides as judge. Wine is drunk at these trials and they invariably end in a carousal. "Down at the bottom of every gypsy trial is womenfolks or five dollars," Johnny says. "I never yet heard a gypsy claim another one owed him three dollars or eighteen dollars. It's always five. They five-dollar me to death." When any of Johnny's people, whether a man, woman or child, does not show up for supper, it is taken for granted that he or she is in the hands of the police. In such cases Johnny puts on his black hat, picks up his silver-headed cane, and goes over to the Police Headquarters annex for a talk with Detective Sheehan. If the missing gypsy is under arrest, Johnny finds out the nature of the charge and the name of the jail; then he trudges wearily to get a lawyer. Johnny is abler at handling such matters than any of his rivals because he can read and write; he claims that he is the only gypsy king in the United States who can read well enough to dial a number on the telephone. He says he picked up his learning, out of boredom, from a cellmate in a Michigan jail where, sometime in his youth, he spent two and a half years for stealing a horse; he has never been inside a schoolroom. "I can read just enough to make out the carnival news in the *Billboard* magazine, and I can handwrite just enough to fill out a money order, but that's a whole lot better than the average gypsy can do," he says. "My grandmamma had a saying that fits me to a T. 'In the country of the blind,' she used to say, 'the man that can see out of one eye is king.' "

JOHNNY seldom gets any money from his subjects. The position of gypsy king pays off not in money but in prestige. He is supported by his wife, Mrs. Looba Johnny Nikanov, who is one of the best *dukkerers* in the city. Looba is tall, gaunt, sad-eyed, and austere; in profile she looks exactly like the old Indian on Indian-head nickels. She goes to sleep at sundown and seldom gets up before 10 A.M., but she is constantly yawning, stretching, and grunting. Looba smokes a pipe. She is extremely irritable. Johnny says that she rarely refers to him by name; instead, using Romany, she calls him a ratbite, a sick toad, a blue-bellied eel, a black-yolked egg, a goat, a bat, a policeman, a *gajo*, and various other loathsome things. He doesn't mind. "A gypsy woman that don't scream half the time, something is wrong with her," he says. "Screaming is their hobby." Johnny and Looba live

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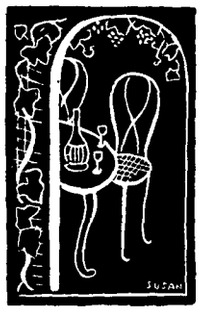
in a red-brick tenement on Sheriff Street, between Rivington and Delancey, paying $14 a month for two small rooms and a kitchen. They have the parlor front. Like all gypsies of their generation, they sleep on the floor between two thick, goosefeather-stuffed quilts, called *perrinas*. Many younger, city-born gypsies have taken to beds, but the old ones, who spent their youths in tents, prefer the floor. "I don't feel natural in a bed," Johnny says. "I feel like a fool." During the day the *perrinas* are rolled up and stacked in a corner and Johnny uses the bedroom for his headquarters. It is a sparsely furnished room. In it are an old wooden trunk, a wicker settee with a sprung bottom, and a table, on which there is a copper candlestick and a radio. The candlestick is usually surrounded by a mound of tallow drippings. The flat is wired for electricity, of course, and Johnny owns one bulb. He rarely screws it in, however. He feels that a candle throws sufficient illumination, even for a *kris* or a *patchiv*. There are no chairs. Tacked over the door is an ikon. The walls are covered with blankets and tent carpets and with a phrenological chart that Looba once used in fortune-telling tents. A dirty blanket hangs over the door. Gypsies try to make their flats look as much like the inside of a tent as possible.



Most afternoons Johnny's room is crowded with his subjects, who squat along the walls, sitting on their heels. Johnny reclines, barefooted and serene, on the wicker settee. Lying there, half asleep, he gossips, listens to the radio, and drinks popskull or tea. He drinks a lot of tea, taking it Russian fashion, in a tumbler. Looba has the exclusive use of the parlor; she calls it her *ofisa*, or office. It looks out on Sheriff Street and she sits at the window with a lapful of sewing and beckons to passers-by who look dopey enough to her to be interested in a fortune-telling. She has a rather high opinion of human intelligence; she beckons to about two passers-by in ten. Most *dukkerers* speak of themselves as Egyptians, doubtless feeling that this identifies them with mystery. The custom had its origin in the belief, once generally held, that gypsies sprang from Egypt; anthropologists now are pretty certain that they came from northern India, leaving it for good about a thousand years ago. Looba is known professionally as Madame Johnson and she has printed cards which read, "MADAME JOHNSON. REAL EGYPTIAN FROM EGYPT. YOUR HEAD IS LIKE AN OPEN BOOK TO ME. IF YOU HAVE TROUBLES OF A LOVE OR MONEY NATURE GIVE ME A TRY." She has been arrested nine times in the last five years for wallet-switching.

Like most gypsy women, Looba is skillful with the needle. She sews all her own clothes, using extravagantly colored curtain and drapery material, most of which she shoplifts from the mill-remnants stores on First Avenue. Her costume, winter and summer, consists of a silk kerchief, a loose, low-cut blouse, and four or five skirts, the newest on the outside. The kerchief, called a *diklo*, signifies that she is married; no gypsy virgin would ever put one on. She also wears eight rings, a pair of earrings, ten copper bracelets shaped like snakes and lizards, which Johnny hammered for her years ago, and a necklace of old coins from half a dozen European countries. Clients are often inquisitive about the coin necklace, and she usually tells them that it is worth $11,300 but that she will sell it for $23 with a fortune-telling thrown in. She has never had an offer. Looba wears high-heeled shoes on the street but goes barefooted indoors. She does not spend much time in the kitchen. There is always a pot of stew on the stove and she and Johnny eat whenever they feel hungry. They may eat five meals a day, or one.

It is customary for gypsy parents to let their married children live in the same flat with them, but Johnny and Looba do not. "I may be peculiar," Johnny says, "but I like to have room enough to turn around in." They have four sons and a daughter, all married. The sons, with their families, twenty-two persons in all, live on one floor of a ratty tenement on Cannon Street, two blocks from Johnny's house. All of them have been on and off relief since early in the depression. In 1941 each of the sons was forced by relief officials to take a job on a WPA pick-and-shovel project, and each fainted shortly after showing up for work. "Gypsy men ain't built like ordinary men," Johnny says solemnly. "They ain't fitted for shovel work. They're high-strung and they rupture easy. The relief people just can't somehow seem to understand that. It ain't that they don't want to do shovel work. Why, they would be glad to, but they got to think about their health." Igor, the oldest son, was assigned to a downtown curb-repairing project last December. According to Johnny, who snickers when he tells about it, Igor began to moan as soon as he was handed a shovel; after working for about ten minutes, he mumbled, "I just can't stand it," and fainted so overwhelmingly that he frightened the foreman, who had him taken to Gouverneur Hospital in a taxicab. The daughter, Mrs. Rosie Luke Stankovitch, is, like Looba, a real Egyptian from Egypt. She is known professionally as Madame Stanley. In the winter she has an *ofisa* on Halsted Street in Chicago. In the summer she operates a mitt joint, or fortune-telling tent, for the J. B. Jericho Kentucky Wonder Exposition, a small Southern carnival. When she was a kid Johnny made her go to P.S. 4, at Rivington and Pitt, and she is fairly literate. Johnny is proud of her. He gets a postcard from her about once a month and he carries it around in his wallet and shows it to *gajo* friends. "Rosie is probably the smartest gypsy girl in the entire U.S.," he says. A recent card from Rosie was mailed in Valdosta, Georgia. It said:

DEAR PA:

This place sure stinks. We are eating and that is about the size of it. People too smart know it all don't trust gypsies. Sure wish I could send you a M.O. but will not be able to do so at this time. Hope the Japs doesn't drop some bums on my tent. If I half to die I sure hope it don't half to be in Valdosta, Ga. Take care yourself. Kiss ma. ROSIE

SINCE our entrance into the war Johnny has lost some of his jauntiness. The last time I visited him he was deeply dejected. When I pushed aside the door blanket and stepped into his room he was alone, sitting on the edge of the settee with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. He lifted his head an inch or so and glanced at me, and there was an utter lack of interest in his eyes. "Hello," he said halfheartedly. He was barefoot, his eyes were bloodshot, and he needed a shave. I tore the wrapping paper off a quart of gin I had brought along as a present and he suddenly scrambled to his feet. "Gimme that," he said. He impatiently unscrewed the cap, took a couple of finger-marked glasses off the table, and slopped some gin into them. He took the gin in his glass in two gulps. He shuddered and his teeth chattered for a few moments. "First today," he said when he had his breath. "It ain't the liquor that hurts. It's the doing without that hurts. The old woman wouldn't come across with my gin money this morning and we had an awful fight. It wore me out. I been sitting here two, three hours trying to

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get up enough strength to go in and fight some more." He sank back on the settee, holding the bottle in one hand and the glass in the other. I went over and sat on the window sill.

"I feel sad," Johnny said, "real blue-sad."

"What seems to be the matter?" I asked.

"Now, what in God's name do you think would be the matter?" he said. "I tell you, by the time this war's over there just won't be no travelling gypsies left in the U.S. There might not be no gypsies of any kind. The most of us, we been bottled up in cities since the depression, and that there gas-rationing business put the stopper in the bottle. The families out on the road, all of them are heading for the cities. They're selling their cars and using buses and trains. This winter New York's going to crawl with gypsies. All the other cities where the cops are halfway decent to us, it'll be the same—cities like Philly, Baltimore, Paterson, Chicago, New Orleans, Mexico City, Los Angeles, and Frisco. Gypsies are going to head for the nearest slum and hole up. Some of the best coppersmiths might find war work, but I doubt it. Four of the old men in my crowd were taken on by a Navy Yard contractor, but along about noon the foreman found out they wasn't Greek fellers, like he thought, but gypsies, and he fired them. He was afraid they'd steal the tools."

Johnny sighed and slopped some more gin into his glass. "Things have been getting worse and worse for gypsies ever since the automobile was put on the market," he said. "When I was a little knee-high boy the U.S. was gypsy heaven. Everybody was real ignorant and believed in fortune-telling. You could take their money so easy they just about gave it to you. And horses to trade. And every woman had some pots with holes in them, and if she couldn't pay you to tinker, why, a dozen fresh eggs was just as good. And our wagons was red and yellow, and we had bells on the harness, and there wasn't no motorcycle cops, and you could camp anywhere. Private property wasn't even heard of. Nowadays, if gypsies was to make a camp out in the middle of some far desert a hundred and fifty miles from nowhere, about the time they got all settled down for the night a old farmer with a shotgun would come a-running and he'd say, 'Private property. You get right off my private property or I'll shoot you dead.' The entire country is overrun with private property. Some of them farmers, I'm surprised they let the airplanes fly over their goddam private property.

"But when I was a little boy any place would do. The air would be clean, no stinking automobiles around, and we'd camp under some green shade trees near a stream of cooking water. And we'd put the horses on long halters and leave them feed theirselves. And we'd go fishing and fry the fish right off the hook. And firewood was free. And there was a violin in every family—at least a guitar—and you didn't have to get drunk to feel like dancing. And the little kids would run around strip, stark naked. And the girls and womenfolks would go down the stream a piece and take a bath, and you would hear them through the trees a-giggling and a-hollering. And the yellow gypsy dogs that we don't even have no more, they would lie down under the wagons and scratch their fleas. These *gajo* dogs you see in New York that the women practically nurse them, I despise those dogs. When they bark, yah-yah, they don't even sound mad. They sound sick. A yellow gypsy dog, even a baby one, when he barked he sounded like a old bear. And the womenfolks would spread out and *dukker* at all the farms for miles around, and on the way back, after the sun went down, they would pick up a hen here and a cabbage there, and if they come across some clothes on a line, they would take the shirts and dresses. They never bothered the overalls. We didn't have no use for overalls. When I think of the whole armfuls of roasting ear corn we used to steal, and the watermelons, and now and then a little grunty pig, why, it hurts my heart to think of it. When I was a little boy we almost always had enough to eat. You never saw no skinny gypsies."

JOHNNY was interrupted by one of his daughters-in-law, a tall, haughty gypsy girl who came striding into the room, her heels clicking and her head held high. She went over to Johnny's trunk, threw the lid back, and took out a number of copies of "Old Gipsy Nan." Johnny keeps a supply on hand and sells them to the women in his families. "I took six," the girl said, slamming the lid shut. She offered Johnny a five-dollar bill, and he grunted angrily. "Don't bother me," he said. "Go get that changed and bring me sixty cents." She strode out of the room and Johnny's eyes followed her.

"I don't mean no disrespect," he said after the girl had gone, "but gypsy women have got it all over civilize wom-

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en. They got such a springy walk on them. No corset, no girdle, no brassy, none of them *gajo* inventions to weight them down. When you look at a gypsy woman you *not* looking at a corset, you looking at a woman. Most *gajo* women, I bet they carry more harness than a dray horse."

Johnny kept working on the gin. Every few minutes he downed a drink and shuddered.

"Yes, sir," he said, "years back gypsies lived high. But along about the time I got grown up, whenever that was, the bottom fell out. Automobiles spread and spread. No more horses to trade. Then came aluminum and cheap kitchen pots. Aluminum was a severe blow to gypsies, but when they took to selling pots in the five-and-dime they should of held the gypsy funeral right then and there. Women got so they wouldn't have nothing tinkered; a pot got a hole in it, what the hell, pitch it out the window and get a brand-new one from the five-and-dime. Also, with only horses to feed, you could travel cheap. But when we took to cars we had to have gas and tire money. So we looked for big jobs. For a while we did fine. People don't generally know it, but gypsies handled some real big tinker jobs. Back in 1921, in one fall and winter, a crowd of gypsy coppersmiths I and six of my families was travelling with, we did sixteen thousand dollars' worth of copper and tin work for the Arlington Mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts. Not long after we did ten thousand dollars' worth for the Waltham Bleachery and Dye Works at Waltham, Massachusetts. Bunged-up dye vats and dry cans, that kind of stuff. And Paterson, New Jersey, them big dye works out there, we handled the biggest kind of tinker jobs. We'd take the job right out of the factory and truck it to our camp in the woods. We'd leave gold coins on deposit, so the factory would trust us to bring the job back. We worked together in the woods like bees, with the old gypsy coppersmith secret that was handed down from centuries ago. We can shape a pipe sleeve so accurate it fits like a grape hull on a grape, and just use our fingers to measure by. A *gajo* coppersmith with a shopful of machinery, he can't do no better. Then came the depression, and the union fellers began to grab off all the copper work. In 1930 we handled a big job for a bleachery in Worcester, Massachusetts. After that the union fellers took everything. We was washed up."

Johnny rested his head in his hands and stared at the floor for a minute or two. "Well, we still had our gold," he said after a while. "It's hard to make people believe it nowadays, but gypsy women used to be loaded down with gold. They was our banks. In 1933 I and Looba had six thousand bucks in gold coins and she carried the most of it around sewed up in her skirts. And, compared to some gypsies, we was poor. What happened? President Roosevelt. Except he made everybody turn in their gold, I wouldn't say a word against him. Us gypsies, we had gold coins from damn near every country in the world. Some of it had been toted around for centuries. We used to change all our money into gold. And the cops came to our camps and made us take it to the banks and turn it in. Orders from Washington, D.C. And the banks gave us paper money in exchange. What the hell good is paper money? It went like wine at a wedding. We all bought new cars—who wants a Ford? Give us a Packard. Make it two, one for Ma, one for Pa, ride in style, honk, honk! And along about that time, I don't know why, but the whole entire country turned against gypsies. Them motorcycle cops would chase us across one state line and then some more cops would chase us across another state line. Pretty soon we didn't know where the hell we was at. Whole sections of the country had to be dodged or they'd put us on the chain gang, or try to. Even the carnivals turned against us. Use to, up to the depression, every spring the carnivals and little circuses would put ads in the *Billboard* magazine, rounding up the attractions. And all of them would advertise for a gypsy mitt joint, split half and half with the carnival. And the amusement parks and beaches all up and down the Atlantic Coast would advertise for gypsies. Nowadays, you look at the carnival ads in *Billboard* and it says, 'No gypsies wanted.' Or it says, 'American palmistry only.' *Gajo* women *dukkering* for carnivals. It's sunk to that!

"So we began heading for New York, Chicago, big cities where there's slums to live in. And rent to pay. The fundamental thing a gypsy is opposed to is rent. Use to we was healthy. But now the babies get the rickets and the old folks get the itch. And colds, and t.b. And right after they're weaned the babies start eating hot dogs. And the steam heat, it's paralyzing us. It's drying us up. It takes us all summer to get over the steam heat. It makes our hair fall out. It gives us the dropsy. You take a gypsy woman, out on the road she'd have a baby every year. Let her spend a solid winter in a steam-heat room, she quits having

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babies. And the relief people, always wanting to know where at was you born. Now, how would a gypsy know that? You're born in a tent beside the road someplace and a week later you're in another state and there ain't nobody got time to keep track of where at you was born. Who cares? And birth certificates! Why, we never heard of birth certificates until we hit the relief. I don't have the slightest idea where I was born. All I know it was in the U.S. someplace. I'm alive, ain't I? I must of been born."

Johnny had worked himself into a frenzy. He lurched to his feet, and started to say something more to me, and then stuttered and stopped, and I could see that the gin was beginning to take hold. At this moment the tall, haughty gypsy girl returned, bringing the money for the books she had taken. She stood at his elbow and tried to give him some coins, but he disregarded her.

"And let me tell you something," he said finally, waving his hand at me with an oratorical gesture, "I just can't wait for the blowup."

"The blowup of what?" I asked.

"The blowup of the whole entire world, that's what," said Johnny. "It's going to bust wide open any day now, ask any gypsy, and I don't give a D-double-damn if it does."

"That's no way to talk," I said.

"And if it was left to me," continued Johnny, paying no attention to my remark, "I'd sure fix things up. The very first thing I'd do, I'd unlock the insane asylums all over the world and let them people out. I'd leave them run things. I'd hunt up the insanest feller of all and I'd say to him, 'Sir, you got any notion how to run the world?' And he'd say to me, 'Yes, *indeed!*' 'O.K., pal,' I'd say to him, 'take charge. You can't possibly do no worse than them that's been had charge.' And if the crazy fellers couldn't somehow straighten things out, why, I'd call on the gypsies. I'd put everything in their hands."

The gypsy girl snickered and made what I thought was a very intelligent observation. "Uh oh!" she said.

—Joseph Mitchell

•

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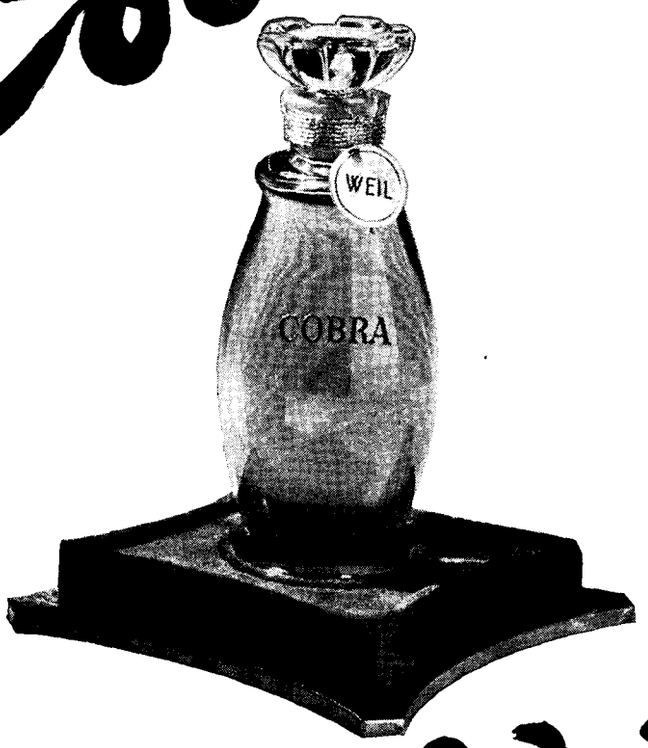

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HOW TO FLIRT IN TEHUANTEPEC

WHEN I first arrived in Tehuantepec, in southern Mexico, every other man I passed on the street stuck out his palm for money or asked me to buy him a drink. What nest of beggars had I fallen into? In most of Mexico people seldom beg and are so hospitable to the outsider he even finds it hard to spend his money. But in Tehuantepec "Give me a *tostón*"—half a peso—was the universal demand.

The mystery was cleared up for me the second day I was there. People thought I was a candidate for Congress; one such candidate had recently appeared on the scene, carrying bags bulging with silver *tostones* and refusing no man a drink. I had been in the hills and was dressed in khaki and leggings. So was he. I was blond and blue-eyed. So was he. And to the dark-skinned inhabitants of Tehuantepec people of the Nordic type look as much alike as the Japanese do to us.

The blond candidate lost the election by only twenty-eight votes. The number of panhandlers I had churlishly repulsed totalled thirty-four. There is little doubt that my untimely appearance in the town blighted a promising political career; it was the nearest I have ever come to being an effective politician.

I had come up from Central America during a locust plague, which always occurs in an election year, thus revealing, even to the non-mystic soul, Nature's sublime coördination. The pests had stripped entire mountainsides bare. As I travelled northward by train they were flying by the car windows in so thick a curtain we could not see out, and several times the train crew had to throw sand on the slick rails.

The pests were just flocking into the sand-logged port of Salina Cruz when I got there and soon they covered every shrub inches deep. Busily they devoured even the stiff palm leaves, converting each tree into a weeping willow of brown, dangling fibres. During the night they found a small hole in the window screen of my hotel room, and when I woke the next morning I found that some of them had snuggled into bed with me, the tile floor was coated with them, the big brass spittoon looked like an animated Egyptian pyramid, and scores were drowned in the water pitcher.

The military commandant of Salina Cruz rose to the occasion and fired off many salvos of artillery, this being a well-known way to get rid of locusts. The expedient was wholly successful, or else the pests, having devoured everything green and most of the starched window curtains and dresses in the town, moved on to the cornfields of Juchtitán of their own volition. At any rate, they were gone, and the grateful folk of Salina Cruz rang the church bells and gave the brave officer a banquet.

The little city of Tehuantepec had been on the fringe of the winged raid and, when I arrived there, was still a tropical bower of green where parrots chattered and red-headed buzzards ruled over the public plaza. The vegetation was almost too lush: palms, banana trees, oranges, sour and sweet limes, grapefruit, melons, rubber trees, breadfruit, scarlet acacias, oleanders, lilies of the valley, chrysanthemums, carnations, roses, and tuberoses—mounds and piles and pyramids of blossoms. The market was heaped with mangoes, peaches, plums, chirimoyas, sapotes, and avocados, so that in spite of inadequate sewage disposal the balmy air swooned with perfumes.

The tall, handsome women of Tehuantepec added to the bright colors. They are the showiest dressers in Mexico, even if they do go barefoot. The lower half of their red or blue or yellow skirt is solid lace; their loose, short-sleeved, low-cut blouse is richly embroidered. A convertible collar and bonnet is made of countless pleats of starched lace. For everyday use it lies low on neck and shoulders; on festive occasions it is lifted up behind the head like a spreading peacock's tail, and it quivers with every lovelorn sigh, every laugh, and every flash of anger. The blouse is worn loose at the waist, so when a woman lifts her arms a little strip of skin flashes between skirt and blouse. When a Tehuantepec girl wishes to be coquettish, she archly lifts one shoulder and shows a bit of stomach. If she is really a bold girl, she gives her blouse a little flip with her hands, showing a more ample expanse.

The women boss Tehuantepec; they do all the work, all the buying and selling, and run things generally, while the men, who mostly loll in hammocks, are a pretty run-down, washed-out, worthless crew.

In some *barrios*, or wards of the town, a virgin is quite unmarriageable. A wife is too much bother unless she has had experience, and if she has managed to get a child or two her chances of wedlock are correspondingly improved, for then there is no question about her fertility and several fledglings are already well on the way to become future family providers.

Courtship often conforms to old patterns. For a while the father drives the suitor off with hot words, even throws stones or brandishes a shotgun. When hide-and-seek has gone far enough, the boy leaves a gift at the door—a chicken, calf, or goat, or maybe a load of wood. If, during the night, the offering is taken inside, it is a sign that parental opposition has subsided.

The boy's parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and other relatives then call on the girl's family to haggle over terms. The girl's father aims to get as much as possible of the worldly possessions of the boy's family. The boy's relatives point out all the girl's defects—her knock-knees, her ugly eyes, her stupidity, her lack of reliability, her bad morals. The debate sometimes grows heated or even ends in a free-for-all. Usually, however, the matter is finally arranged, gifts are exchanged, and a big engagement party is celebrated.

In some towns near Tehuantepec there are trial marriages. For six months or a year the girl must live with the boy's family. If she never talks back to her prospective mother-in-law and proves a good washer, mender, and cook, she is considered able to stand the trials of domesticity and the marriage is then celebrated.

One town has a still quainter custom. The boy waits until the girl comes from the stream with a water jar on her head, whereupon he smashes it with a stick, drenching her to the skin. Her girl friends, prewarned, rush out to protect her, while he endeavors to tear off her wet clothes. He must not touch her necklace. If he is put to flight by the girls, who resort to stones and sticks and fingernails, he is not considered of much account and the courtship usually wanes. If he succeeds in disrobing the girl, the father is required to make a show of anger and goes around with a gun or knife, swearing he will kill the insolent fellow on sight. He never does, and presently the banns are posted

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and proper marriage wipes out the "insult."

Up the coast a little way, one village celebrates the marriage supper by letting loose a turkey, on the feathers of which are tied cigarettes. According to the rules, no one can lay hold of the bird, and there is a grand melee as the guests try to yank the cigarettes loose and the turkey flies screaming from corner to rafter. In the end there is little plumage left on the poor fowl. Next the bride comes in with cigarettes similarly sewed onto her garments. The same performance occurs, and she flies around almost as wildly as the turkey. She is lucky if she is left with a few tatters of clothing. She and the groom are then rushed to their chosen domicile and the happy celebrants serenade them all night long.

FOR a time after I arrived in Tehuantepec I lived at the inn. Then I moved over to a thatched house under false pepper trees on the bluff above the river, where I boarded with a family of weavers and costume-makers. The long vista of the winding river opened to distant cornfields and thick jungle. The river was always busy with the comings and goings of animals and humans; cows and burros came down to drink, the fishermen, clad in loincloths, wielded long hoop nets, boatmen leisurely poled upstream, and at almost any hour there were many bathers of both sexes.

Getting a conventional bath at home in Tehuantepec is an impossibility. I never heard of a modern bathtub in the whole town. The inn had shower stalls, but, aside from that, there are only the *baños dobles*—the double baths—and the public river. At the *baños dobles* they ask you if you have a companion or want one provided. The person who bathes alone is considered a bit queer. The baths are tiled and the proceedings are *à la Russe*. Hot water is poured over red-hot stones until you are so gagged and blinded by the steam and close air you couldn't see or find your *compañera* if you had one. After that an old Indian woman throws bucket after bucket of cold water over you. By the time it is all over you are almost too weak and dazed to get home.

Mostly, folk bathe in the river without benefit of bathing suit, the men in one locale and the women in another nearby. I felt pretty naked with my white skin but soon tanned up. One day a fat American woman with tallow arms and big freckles came down in a bathing suit, and the folk at the river rolled with laughter. A few of them were filled with moral indignation. "*Gringa indecente!*" they shouted. "Look at her!" cried some of the nude girl bathers. "Trying to make a dirty show of her arms and legs!" Fortunately, she didn't know enough Spanish to understand.

On occasion, when time hung heavy in Tehuantepec, I sat on the bank and watched the women and girls bathe. This was considered quite proper; other men did the same and the bathers did not mind. But one day it occurred to me to bring my kodak along. As I focussed it, angry feminine shouts arose. The girls clambered out on the bank. A stone whizzed by my ear and I took to my heels, the whole crowd in full bay behind me, stones flying uncomfortably close.

Tehuantepec, although it has a movie house, an ice plant, electric lights, telephone and telegraph, and a railroad station several miles from town, is in general quite unmechanized. Of all modern gadgets the most prized is the sewing machine, especially one with a pleater attachment. Money is scarce, trade being largely in kind, but every Tehuantepec woman schemes and fusses to get together enough cash to make the first down payment on a machine. A local Lovelace discovered that the easiest way to any woman's heart was to own a sewing machine. With such bait he was in the process of corrupting even respectable matrons of the town, and the day came when something had to be done. As Tehuantepec is somewhat uncivilized, he was not tarred and feathered or otherwise mutilated; instead, one night a group of vigilantes threw his sewing machine into the river.

IN the market I made many jolly friends, for the people of Tehuantepec always have a quick jest and words of repartee on their lips. One day I was sipping a tamarind *refresco* at the stall of a handsome widow when an old crone, seated on the curb crocheting, chuckled audibly. Finally she said to me slyly from her toothless mouth, "Young foreigner, you have been in Tehuantepec for over a month now and haven't got yourself a girl yet. That is not right. There are many beautiful girls in Tehuantepec."

"I am rather particular," I said. "It would be too bad to make a mistake."

The old crone's lace headdress quivered. "True, and if you got a giddy, inexperienced girl, you'd soon regret it. But Matilda here"—she waved her gnarled fingers toward the widow in

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the stall—"Matilda here is ripe. You'd never regret marrying her. She's a good worker and you would have nothing to worry about except keeping your hammock comfortable. You wouldn't have to keep an eye on her every minute like you would some of them. Besides, she's very intelligent and full of fun and she'd give you a lot more joy than an untried one. Could you ask for more? What do you say? Why don't you marry her?"

Her tone was bantering but was edging quite too close to the serious. "Matilda would certainly be a prize for any man," I said gallantly but noncommittally.

"And you, Matilda. Would you marry the *güero*, the blond one?"

Matilda's pretty black eyes looked me over insolently and she flipped her blouse free of the skirt, which was, of course, quite an honor to me, since she did not often bother to flirt with those who buzzed around her corner.

"Why not, pray tell?" she said calmly.

"There you are!" cried the old crone delightedly. "It's all arranged."

"But," added Matilda chillingly, lifting up one shoulder just high enough, "although the Señor is quite worth marrying, I am sure, he is an outsider and sooner or later would want to go away from Tehuantepec. I would then have to go too, and not even for him—no, not even for a bullfighter—would I ever leave Tehuantepec."

Taking it all in all, I think she was right. Why should anyone ever leave Tehuantepec? I have yet to find a complete answer to that question.

—CARLETON BEALS

•

FERRY RIDE

It is as if a tissue-paper plow
Produced the lacy rustling at the prow.
The moon's pale melon-slice is nibbled by
A mouth of black smoke in the western sky.
A warm wind breathed by buildings like a bluff
Comes with the impact of a furry muff
Upon the face. Lights blink. Shapes veer and glide.
The sentient ferry softly purrs inside
Like a contented cat. The mingled tones
Of human voices move like colored stones
Within the courses of their endless streams,
And peace, war-frayed and personal, still dreams. —WADE VAN DORE

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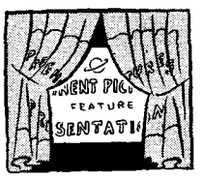
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Geniuses at Work

BOOTH TARKINGTON, who won the Pulitzer Prize for "The Magnificent Ambersons" in 1919, has now got a motion-picture award for the same book—not an Oscar, exactly, but what you might call an Orson. That is to say, his novel has been given the nod by Mr. Welles, who has made of it one of his dark and spooky Mercury Productions. Mr. Welles is partial to characters who are hateful, like Citizen Kane, and he was inevitably attracted by Tarkington's young heel, George Amberson Minafer (not to be confused with *Mrs.* Minafer). He is also a push-over for a horseless carriage or a gabled house, and this book being full of such period stuff, he naturally couldn't leave it alone. He has made it into a picture in which bad behavior and nineteenth-century Americana run riot and has thrown in all the neat technical stunts he has developed since he was invited to Hollywood to try his hand at the Medium. His actors have been photographed through frosted-glass windows, from downstairs looking up and from upstairs looking down, and from out of fireplaces and plumbing fixtures, and they offer the audience a novel sort of option, here and there, by carrying on two or three sets of dialogue at the same time. One conclusion rears its incontestable head on the subject of Welles and the Medium: he is not reluctant to monkey around. Furthermore, he goes at it with method and a good amount of talent, both his own and that of the rest of the Mercury boys and girls. Joseph Cotten, Ray Collins, and Agnes Moorehead are still with him, Miss Moorehead doing especially fine as George's Aunt Fanny, and the troupe has been joined by Anne Baxter, who puts an unexpected kick in the ingénue rôle, Dolores Costello as George's mother, and Tim Holt, who plays the young menace himself with all due infamy. The Master doesn't appear in the film except as a voice.



WHILE we're on the subject of pioneers, Walt Disney has also just turned out a picture based on a book well suited to his tastes. As you know, he has a leaning toward animals, and he has chosen "Bambi," by Felix Salten, for his latest nature study. His version of the afternoons of a fawn has a good deal of the appeal that "Snow White" and "Pinocchio" had, though not all. The color and the three-dimensional effect of the scenery are certainly up to standard, but the characterizations, on the other hand, are slightly sub. The comedy, for example, is handled by a rabbit who hasn't nearly as much on the ball as the dwarfs had, or the cricket in "Pinocchio," or even the mouse in "Dumbo," who was no panic. And then there's too much conversation in this piece, as becomes especially noticeable when puberty sets in and all these woodland creatures' voices suddenly change. If a deer's or a rabbit's voice has got to change, the thing should be handled as unemphatically as possible. Generally speaking, "Bambi" is more strictly a children's picture than its forerunners. One word of warning, though, to daddies who expect to knock over a little venison when the season rolls around: the young folks are going to be definitely pro-deer.

MONTY WOOLLEY has not only come out of his wheelchair in "The Pied Piper" but does enough cross-country roadwork to put him in fighting shape. The story has to do with an elderly Englishman on vacation in Switzerland who starts home during the invasion of France with a couple of children in tow and picks up more on the way. He gets into trouble with the Germans, who think the children are just a front and that the old fellow is a spy, which doubly irritates him because he doesn't like kiddies and didn't want to get mixed up with them in the first place. This crusty sentiment is of course a natural for Mr. Woolley, who has a very good time with it and may well give you one too. Otto Preminger, another specialist at ill-temper, plays a Nazi officer. . . . "The Gay Sisters," featuring Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent, is about three sisters who are by no means gay, their lives being blighted by a lawsuit and a number of marital problems. There's a kiddie in this one, too, and he turns out to be the fellow who sets things to rights in the end.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

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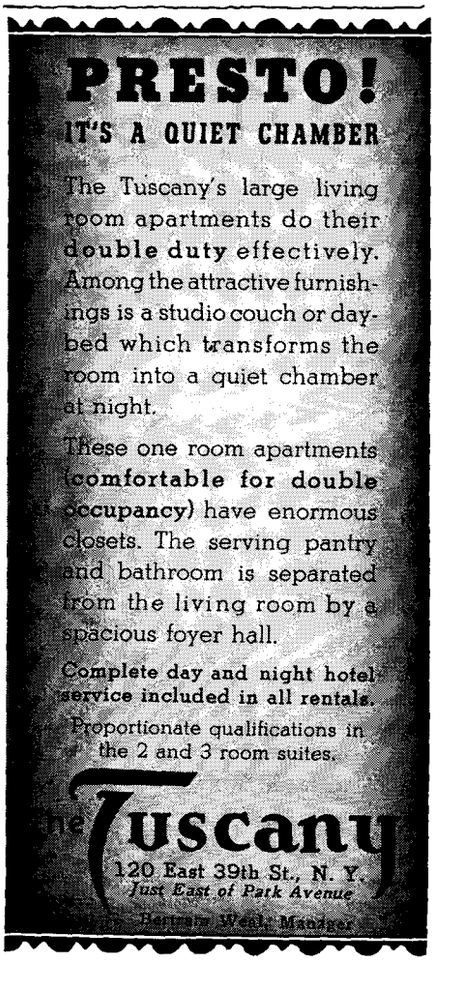
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

REVOLUTION IN HARTFORD

ONE benefit I've frequently heard attributed to war is that it helps to sweep away useless social taboos. It begins to look as if this war might help sweep away that mellow taboo based on the principle that once a family has reached a certain financial level its prestige will be cracked wide open unless a son submits to becoming a college man. For example, in Hartford, where I was born, every father has always seemed to assume that his son would grow up to be a Yale man. Williams was better than nothing, or even Harvard if the boy was a little odd, but Yale was the common goal, and no one saw an anticlimax in the words of the song "For God, for Country, and for Yale." Many Hartford fathers, like my own, having gone to Yale, were unable to say, "My boy, I want you to have the advantages I was never able to have," but they gave the impression that they *were* saying it. If a boy happened to enjoy making things with his hands, the gift was ignored as soon as he grew too old for toy trains. He was sent to preparatory school and then on to college, where he was expected to major in English, history, or something equally genteel. He spent his summers tinkering, as likely as not, with a second-hand car, but after graduation he was thrust, or permitted to drift, into further study at the Yale Law School or into a job in a bank, insurance company, or broker's office. What mattered was that, eventually, as a college man, he had a nice, clean, white-collar job.

I had a hunch that the war might force Hartford, along with other cities, to abandon the sacred notion that a man with "advantages" should not work with his hands. Having heard one or two stories about Yale men I know sweating at a factory bench in Hartford, I went up there recently to find out how they liked it. Partly, I'm afraid, because of an inherent Hartford snobbishness, I chose to visit the plant of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Company, which employs thousands of men, rather than that of the Pratt & Whitney aircraft firm, which employs tens of thousands. Colt's, you see, has been established in Hartford for almost a century, while the other was founded by a couple of outsiders from Dayton, Ohio, hardly twenty years ago.

WHEN I reached Hartford I walked down the dike that old Samuel Colt built to keep the Connecticut River from flooding his factory to a new white box of a building with a sign over its door saying "Employment." A line of men and women, nearly motionless in the hot sun, stretched away from the door for several hundred feet along the dike. I went into the building and introduced myself to a Mr. Lindberg, the head of the employment office. I explained to him that I wanted to speak to a few former white-collar men now working at bench jobs and showed him my credentials, which included the Army's permission to get into the plant. Mr. Lindberg nodded. "I've hired a good many thousands of men in the last couple of years," he said. "More kinds of men than you ever heard of in your life. Some of them come from what I suppose you'd call Hartford's best families. At first they were ashamed of coming down here, of getting their hands dirty, of their friends' seeing them here. But not any more, not since Pearl Harbor. Now they're not only making big money, they're helping their Uncle Sam."

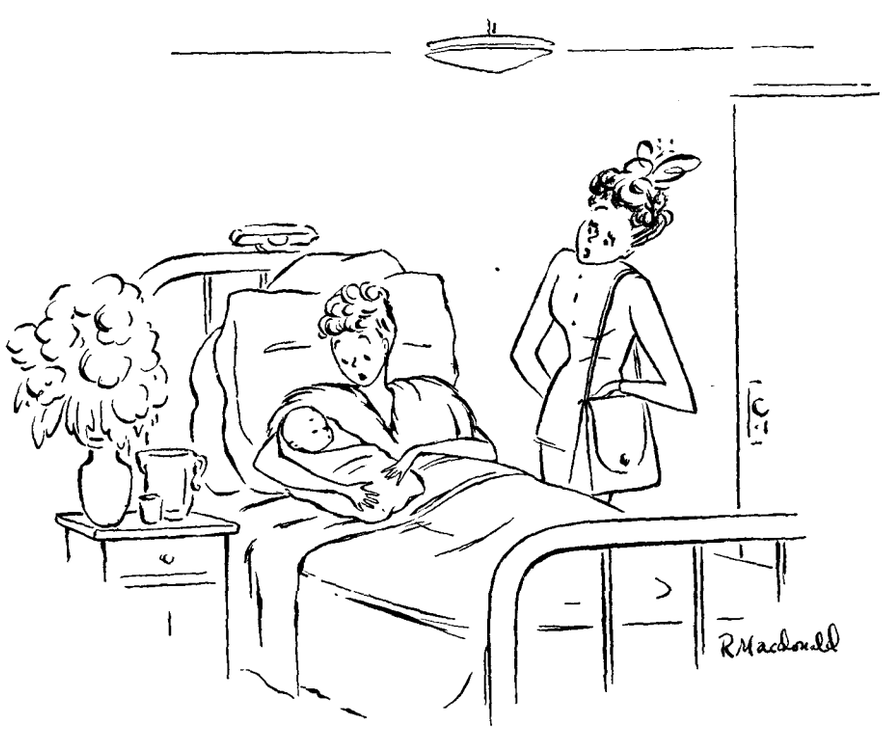
"And they like it?" I asked.

"Why don't you find that out for yourself?" he said. "I'll dig up some names from the files and have one of the plant guards take you around."

While I stood watching the long line of men and women beyond the window, Mr. Lindberg had an assistant type out a list of names chosen from the files. He called in one of the plant guards, a wiry young man named Joe Yacavino, and told him that I was to have the run of the plant.

Joe led me first to a room in which there were two or three of those cramped self-photography booths you see on boardwalks and along Broadway. There my picture was taken by an attendant and inserted in a red badge. Joe explained that every worker in the plant wears a badge, whose color reveals to guards the department in which the worker belongs, an exception being the red badges, which signify that the wearers are permitted to wander where they like. Naturally, when my visit was over, I was to return the red badge to Joe. As soon as I had pinned it on my lapel, Joe led me through one building after another, all filled with lathes and presses. Most of the buildings, with their brownstone walls and great wooden trusses, looked to me as if they had been built a hundred years ago. The rafters of a drop-forge shop, lined with old belts and pulleys, gave it the air of a Gothic chapel.

The first man Joe took me to was seated at a long bench, working in sunlight that fell through the old-fashioned, wooden-framed window behind him. He was plump and middle-aged, and I noticed fresh calluses on his palms. He was eager to talk to me about his job,



"But whatever will you do with it weekends?"

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but he kept on filing a circular piece of metal as he spoke. "I guess you'd call me a white-collar man. I'm in the real-estate business. Always have been. I own quite a lot of property along the shore, forty or fifty houses. Before this war I used to go down to Florida winters and fish, then come back to Connecticut in time to fix up my houses and rent them for the summer. One of my kids got a job here last fall. When the war came along, I said to myself, 'Well, if the kid can do it, so can I. I don't care what anybody thinks.' "

"How do you like it so far?" I asked.

"I like it a lot," he said. "There's a Pole on my left, a Jew on my right, and a blue-eyed Irishman behind me, and they've all been darned nice to me. This is piecework, you know, and matching them helps me work up speed. I never figure how many good pieces I make each day, just only how few pieces I spoil. And, of course, it feels pretty good to get paid the way we're getting paid right now. The Japs gave me the gumption to take this job, but I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit I like salting away a fat pay check every week."

"What's happened to your real-estate business?"

"Well, it was bound to be pretty slow this summer, with the gas rationing and the rest. That's one of the best things about this job. I work here from seven in the morning till three in the afternoon, which leaves me plenty of time to drive down along the shore and keep an eye on my properties there."

"Don't you get tired?"

"Sure I do, but it's good for me. The competition of piecework makes the job exciting, ten times as exciting as fishing in Florida or playing tennis up here. And I've taken off about twenty-five pounds. My doctor's been after me for years to do that. Oh, maybe by the time this emergency's over I'll be ready to quit." He rubbed his calluses. "But, you know, there's a feeling—you feel as if you were getting something done." He glanced at his watch. "You'd better run along. I'll bet Sienkiewicz there is a dozen pieces ahead of me and our shift's nearly over."

THE name of the next man I went to see is about as familiar in Hartford as that of Rhinelander or Goelet in New York. I introduced myself, and he wiped his hand on his canvas apron before shaking hands. "I think you went to prep school with my son," he said. I told him I remembered his son well.

"You're a broker, aren't you?" I asked.

The man grinned. "A damned broker," he said. "Ever since 1929 you've been expected to say 'a damned broker.' After December seventh, when my son started training in the Air Corps, I felt I had to get into some sort of war work. This was the nearest and best thing I could find that would help support my family. I'd never been inside a factory till I came here last month, and I'm having the time of my life. I've always wanted to use my hands, but maybe you know how people used to feel about that."

I asked him if he had given up brokerage. He shook his head. "That's the funny part," he said. "I'm on the shift that just came in. We work from three in the afternoon till eleven at night. I'm able to work for a few of my old customers during the day, then come over here just before the Stock Exchange closes at three." He was filing slowly on a small, thin plate of steel. "What's a broker do? He takes money from A and hands it to B, then takes a sheet of fancy paper from B and hands it to A. He hasn't produced anything. Here, boy, we're producing. I haven't found out yet how this piece I'm filing fits into a gun. Maybe my bosses don't want me to find out. But I know it's going halfway around the world to help stop some German or Jap. I get a kick out of sitting here and thinking how far it will go when it leaves me and what a sweet job it will do, all because I've pushed a little file over it, like this. It makes you realize a man's hands are worth something."

JOE led me to the opposite end of the building, where I was introduced to a dentist who was working as an inspector of machine-gun parts. After some small talk, I asked him why he had given up dentistry to work for Colt's. He puffed out his cheeks. "I had a big practice," he said. "I was earning a lot of money, but I wanted to help out. Patriotism, I guess you'd call it. I happen to love my country, sir. I'd rather be in the front lines than here. You can bet your bottom dollar the *wages* don't have anything to do with my being here."

I glanced beyond the dentist to Joe, who was frowning and drawing his finger across his throat. "Thank you," I

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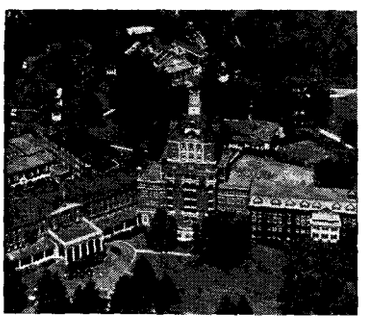

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said, and left the dentist puffing out his cheeks and dismissing the thought of money. As we walked through the plant, Joe said, "What a guy! A guy like that, sure the money means a lot to him. I never like 'em when they won't admit it."

I spoke next to a man on whose bench there was a tray of small, machined bits of metal, which he was quickly and deftly assembling. It turned out that he was a graduate of Yale Law School. He had practiced law in Hartford for a good many years and still took a few cases, provided they didn't require his presence in court. Nothing was allowed to interfere with his job at Colt's, at which, like most of the other men I had talked with, he worked seven days a week. He hadn't known until he started work that he had any particular gift with his hands. He had grown up expecting and expected to be a lawyer, so he had become one, but the foreman and some of the older men in the shop assured him that he was a natural mechanic. Soon, he thought, he would be transferred from this department to one demanding more skill and entailing more responsibility. He said he found the work a lot less tiring than sitting in a law office, and felt fine when he got through at night. "And, of course, I like the pay," he said. "Suppose I earn eighty or ninety or a hundred dollars a week. Say, five thousand a year. With all the overhead expenses a lawyer pays, he has to earn around seven or eight thousand dollars a year, anyway, to net five. So I'm better off in here on that account. And if I move up, I'll keep earning more. They say the diesinkers earn around a hundred and twenty-five a week. I've read that all during the depression there wasn't a single die worker in Hartford out of a job. Most of us who have come in here during this emergency are too old to learn diesinking, even if there were time to teach us. That takes years of apprenticeship. But they need us for plenty of other jobs, and need us bad. It feels good to be needed, you know. As a lawyer, I never felt that. I always suspected that someone else could do the job just as well, or that the job wasn't worth doing at all."

Joe brought the foreman over to meet me. The foreman, a young man with rimless glasses and a pleasant smile, patted the lawyer on the back and said, "One of my star pupils. Would you like to see a couple of the younger ones?" I nodded, and the foreman led me to another section of the shop. "See that good-looking girl over there, the one with the wavy hair? She's

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eighteen. She's been studying art in New York. She started running short of funds, so she came up here and took a job. She's earning enough now so that when the emergency's over she'll be able to go back to New York with two or three thousand dollars and study whatever she wants. And she likes it so much that she's had her mother come up and join her. They share a room, work the same shift, have a swell time together." The foreman glanced over a man's shoulder and sized up a length of steel. "O.K.," he said to the man. "You're getting it now." Then he turned back to me. "Matter of fact," he said, "we have quite a few families working together in here. Three generations in one family here, each trying to beat out the other."

The foreman pointed out a boy who was assembling a machine gun. There were several dozen complicated parts scattered over his bench. "That kid's father is one of the officials of the company," the foreman said. "He was crazy to have the kid go to college. The kid didn't want to go. He hated school. He flopped at one school after another. He seemed too dumb to get anywhere. Finally, on account of the war, the old man let him take a job. The boy's always fooled around with guns, so coming in here was like going to heaven. He's the fastest worker you ever saw in your life. He's so good that the company has started to send him to other sections of the country, trouble-shooting. Wherever there's a jam in an Army camp, a shipment of guns that don't seem to be firing the way they should, the company sends the kid to straighten things out. I'll bet they send him overseas by the end of the year. We practically have to throw the kid out of the place at night."

"He's lucky to find out what he wants to do while he's still young," I said. "Too bad it had to take a war to change his parents' minds. A lot of men here seem to wish they'd found out about this place twenty or thirty years ago."

"Sure they do," the foreman said. "But nobody in Hartford thought of getting into a factory in those days, only of getting out of one."

"You see these men every day," I said. "Do you think they'll stick at their jobs when the emergency's over? Or do you think they'll remember the taboo against this kind of work and sneak back to their offices uptown?"

The foreman ran his finger along the smooth, blue-black barrel of a gun. "The ones who are here only because of the enormous wages will clear out," he said, "because these wages won't last

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forever. The normal wages in this section of the shop are nearer forty dollars a week than a hundred, where they are now. But I think a lot of them, the ones who have always lived in Hartford, will stay on here after the ones from Maine and Virginia and Idaho have gone home. We ought to have something for them to do. We've a pretty big plastics division, you see, and in peacetime we make things you'd never think we made, from dishwashing machines to eye cups. No, sir, I think that old taboo is licked for good. No one's ever going to be ashamed again of working in a factory, if that's what he wants to do."

I glanced up and down the shop, crowded with girls and boys and with old men who had gray hair and thin, bare arms. The boys and girls occasionally grinned and shouted to each other, but the old men worked steadily at their benches, never lifting their heads. As the foreman, Joe, and I walked toward the high, barred gate leading out of the shop, I turned to the foreman. "By the way," I said, "what about you? Has this always been your job?" The foreman shook his head, the sunlight glinting on his rimless glasses. "Why, no," he said. "Didn't Joe tell you? I used to be a schoolteacher." —Brendan Gill

•

The Les Dames D'Amour Club held their regular meeting Monday night, June 8th at the lovely home of Mrs. Lucille Smith in Liberty Street. Business was transacted in the usual manner with the installation of officers. Officers elected were as follows: Mmes. Juanita Carlos, pres., Birdie Hawkins, vice-pres., Anna Henry, rec. sec'y., Nellie Crawford, fin. sec'y., Helen Wilson, treas., Maxine Webb, chaplain and Clara Antoine, reporter. A delicious repast was served and cards were played for the remainder of the evening. Members present were: Mmes. Juanita Carlos, Birdie Hawkins, Anna Henry, Nellie Crawford, Helen Wilson, Maxine Webb, Clara Antoine and Regina Gibson.—*New Orleans, Louisiana Weekly.*

Better luck next year, Regina!

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the American Journal of Public Health*]

One on the outside who criticises the placement of square pegs in round holes should be sure that there are not more round holes and square pegs than there are square holes and round pegs. Even if this is not the case the critic should be certain that round holes are not, at this time, a more serious problem than square ones; and he should withhold his criticism unless he is quite sure that it is better to leave round holes unfilled than it is to fill them partially with square pegs.

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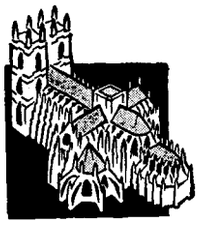
LETTER FROM ENGLAND

AUGUST 8 (BY CABLE)

EAST ANGLIA, that agricultural and maritime section of England which bulges out into the North Sea, is famous for its heron- and duck-haunted Broads, its herring, its fine church architecture, and in peacetime its succulent black Suffolk hams. (It is also famous nowadays, in an uncomfortable sort of way, for its air raids, because while German planes drop bombs sporadically on other parts of England, it is an exceptional week when the presence of raiders over the east coast isn't announced in at least one official communiqué.) As anybody who has ever been in this part of the country is sure to remember, its straggling hamlets, set in the midst of enormous flat fields of barley ruffled by a perpetual salty wind coming in off the sea, look a bit lonely.



One stretch of East Anglia has just become lonelier than anywhere else in England. By order of the War Office, two entire villages and their surrounding farmsteads have been evacuated for the duration to make way for a battle school. The understandable official view was that it would be undesirable to have live ammunition from the school flying around among civilians, so about a hundred and seventy families were given their notice to leave within a month. Apparently the first intimation most housewives got that something was wrong was when they looked up from their stoves and noticed a gentleman from the War Office coming up the path with his briefcase. Since this angel with the flaming sword was a Civil Servant, lacking the red-tab trimmings of military authority, the residents of one of the villages became suspicious that the whole thing was some sort of a Fifth Column hoax, but a mass meeting at the village hall next day, with the vicar in the chair, convinced them that it was only too genuine. Suddenly the cottagers, the few little shopkeepers, the widow at the pub, and the lady at the manor all found themselves in a situation familiar to many a sad rural community in Europe, except that instead of trudging away from an already burning village they faced the strange necessity of stepping out and leaving a home with a freshly thatched roof and the peas coming up lovely in the garden.

East Anglian families are big and clannish and seldom move away to the cities, and to them the War Office ultimatum to get out was as devastating a bombshell as any which the young recruits in the battle school will be expected to handle. Happily, a good deal of the resentment worked itself off on some London journalists who wrote harrowing pieces about weeping villagers being carried bodily out of rose-wreathed cottages and having their fingers practically pried loose from their porches by the military. The villagers in question, enraged by these accounts, insisted that if they were going to lose their homes they should at least be given credit for making the best of a bad situation. They have been promised that they will all be allowed to come back after the war, but some of the older people whose sons have explained to them about drill in house-to-house fighting seem dubious of finding their cottages all in one piece, despite the Army's sympathetic promise to try and avoid knocking them about.

THE fine old churches of the neighborhood have been sandbagged, everything antique and valuable in them has been carted off to safety, and what is left gives the impression that Henry the Eighth has once more been on a marauding ramble. In one, the altar and pulpit are missing and the hatchments over the tombs of some of the gentry are just visible above a wall of protective scaffolding. It reminds one of the jingle that babies act out on their fingers and thumbs—here's the church and here's the steeple, all right, but you can't open the doors to let in the people because everyone but the dead, bleakly watching from the windy churchyard, is gone. With no souls to cure, the vicar will soon be gone, too, although his house stands outside the commandeered area.

Moving one family is usually a sufficiently unnerving process. Moving a hundred and seventy families, selling their livestock, and finding them new accommodations within a pretty short time is a headache which largely devolved on the hardworking ladies of the Women's Voluntary Services. Their jobs have varied from moving timid old girls, complete with cats, canaries, and precious jars of home-pickled onions, to taking on the milk route of a dairy farmer who had departed precipitously, leaving his cows to be milked by a neighbor. Farmers, incidentally, have been told

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that they can come back for a few days at harvest time and get in what remains of their deserted crops. Those who plan to do so are hoping that the battle exercises will let up while this is going on.

Most of the dispossessed people being agricultural, the problem of finding new places for them to work was a difficult one, since farms don't usually become vacant before autumn; in some cases, families have been moved into temporary billets and billeting allowance is being paid them by the state. While the moving was getting under way, assessors from the Ministry of Agriculture turned up and summarily placed a value on the contents of cottage gardens, thus confusing some of the inhabitants, who subsequently were found to be rigidly abstaining from plucking so much as one broad bean because they thought that every pod was now numbered and owned by the government. One of the principal nightmares of the W.V.S. workers has been the fear that some particularly isolated farmstead at the marshy back-of-beyond might be overlooked in the general excitement and its tenants wake up to find themselves in the middle of a tank battle. The women think that they have everyone accounted for now, however.

IT gives the visitor an eerie feeling to take a walk down a village street which looks like a movie set on which the extras haven't yet showed up. There's a tiny butcher's shop but no butcher, a cozy pub but no beer. The whole effect suggests a sort of landlubbers' Marie Celeste—a gruesomely embalmed section of rustic architecture from which all life has been spirited away in the very act of trimming that neat hedge and putting a new lick of paint on those barn doors. Most of the inhabitants haven't gone far from the district. They're sitting in a circle around the forbidden area, watching, listening, and waiting for the day when they can move right in again.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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OF ALL THINGS

IT is reported that Goebbels cannot decide whether there will be a Second Front or not. It is some comfort to hear that that poor, ignorant cuss doesn't know, either.

•

Gandhi and a number of followers have been arrested, but they have no possible cause for complaint. Prison is a perfect place in which to nonresist and noncoöperate.

•

Elmer Davis informs us with brutal frankness that we are only ankle-deep in the war. We cannot win an all-out fight until we are all in it.

•

Fashions in men's clothes change rapidly under war conditions. At the moment, there is a distinct trend away from silver shirts.

•

The President asks all communities to throw their old cast-iron statues upon the junk pile of liberty. Here is a chance to sock Hitler in the eye and relieve our own.

•

The American writer, Waldo Frank, was beaten up by thugs in Buenos Aires just as he was in the Kentucky coal country ten years ago. Perhaps our good neighbors were trying to make him feel at home.

•

New Yorkers, though intensely patriotic, are loath to give up their carefree peacetime pursuits. Gamblers are still using up ammunition shooting each other.

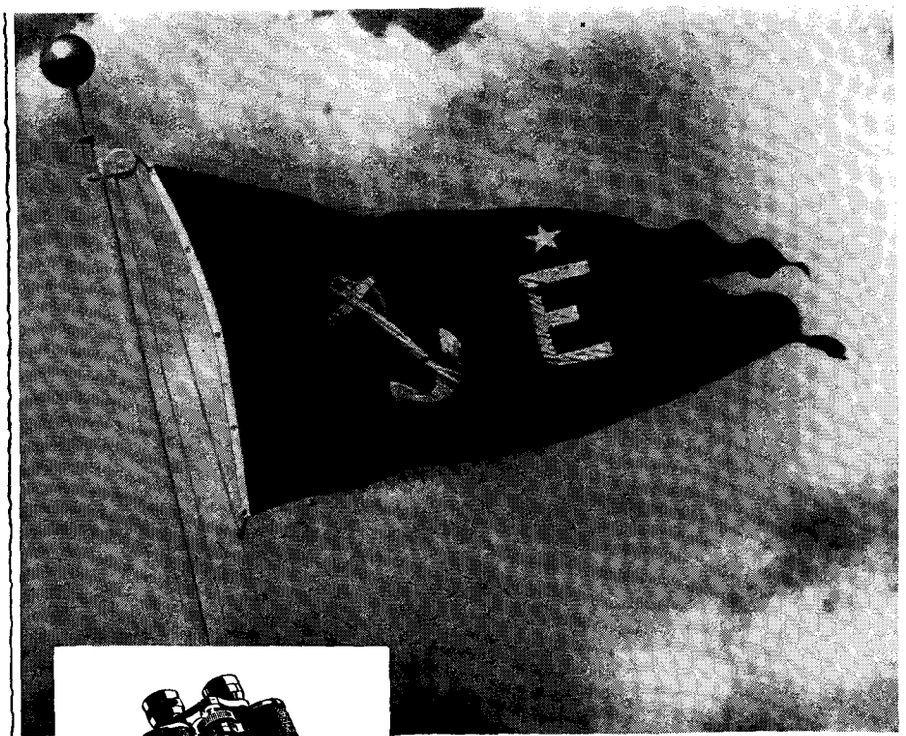
•

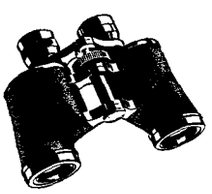
Although asked by their government to stay put, hundreds of thousands of English people flocked to the seashore on Bank Holiday. If Hitler had picked that time for invasion, he could never have wedged his way through the crowd.

•

Because of credit regulations, many people hereabouts are suffering from frozen charge accounts. On the other hand, one hears of callous husbands who can scarcely feel the pain at all.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER





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NOTES ON SPORTS

Stiff Stint

As often happens when tennis is suffering from a general shortage of talent, the doubles was better to watch than the singles in the Eastern Grass Courts at Rye, at least in the semifinal-round matches that were held on Saturday. It's almost bound to happen anyway when Pancho Segura is still in the doubles and has been eliminated from the singles. The young two-hander from Guayaquil was beaten as a onesome by E. Victor Seixas earlier in the week, partly owing to his unfamiliarity with grass (as the surface of a tennis court) and partly owing to E. Victor's talent for upsetting his betters. Teamed with Alejo Russell, of Argentina, however, Segura lasted longer, reaching the semifinals, and there continued to last, along with Russell and their two opponents, just about as long as any player in a championship-tournament match ever lasted before. The score was 6–4, 8–6, 18–20, 2–6, 7–5 in favor of Charles Mattman and William Talbert, the two other fellows. This total of eighty-two games took in the neighborhood of four hours to play, and both North and South Americans were ready to knock off for the summer when they were through. The Latins had dropped the first set quickly and the second only a little less so, but in the third they rallied. And rallied and rallied. Somewhere around the middle of this marathon, they finally scored their first service break-through, and it looked as though they were in, but Mattman and Talbert broke right back, and things settled into the old routine again. The Yankees were careful not to let Segura get his forehand on the ball, but there wasn't much they could do about Russell's overhead game, which is one of the best on either side of the Rio Grande. He is explosive, too, on his first serve, or *la primera*, as Segura called it when urging his partner in his native code to get the first one in and the hell with hemispheric solidarity.

The Latins eventually broke through again and copped that set, and after a ten-minute intermission came back and ran right through the next one. For a while, the fifth set looked like another long one, and the gallery, which hadn't been exactly mum all afternoon, began to express itself in fine, uninhibited fashion. It became clear that Segura and Russell were the popular favorites when Mattman hit a ball over the baseline and voices in the stands were heard to holler, "Out! Yea!" The home team won in spite of this non-support, and the chances are that they didn't notice it anyway, being somewhat benumbed by that time.

The ladies, in another doubles match, put on an endurance test of their own which went to 10–8, 11–9 in favor of Miss Pauline Betz and Miss Doris Hart over Miss Hope Knowles and Miss Katharine Winthrop. Even at the beginning, Miss Betz must have been a little shaken, if not actually dented, from having fallen heavily and often in her singles final earlier the same afternoon. She had lost that one 3–6, 5–7, to Miss Louise Brough, a sturdy girl who likes to get up to the net and lean on the ball and whose power was responsible for Miss Betz's headlong plunges in every direction, including down. Her name is pronounced to rhyme with stuff, of which she has plenty, and with enough, which Miss Betz had more than.

THE Army has called 125,000 dogs to the colors, or at least has called *for* that many, service by dogs in the Army still being on a voluntary basis. They will be expected to perform guard and patrol duty, but don't have to have had any training at the time of enlistment; they will be trained at the Quartermaster Depot at Front Royal, Virginia. Dogs of many breeds are eligible, although certain requirements have been set up, such as a reasonable hostility toward strangers. Also, it's doubtful whether dogs named Saddlerock Sandman or Nadja's Honeygirl will be able to retain those handles while serving their country. This is a war we're fighting.

—D. L.

•

WHAT FORECASTS MEAN

To the Editor—There is a misprint in my recent letter. Where it says that in the evening paper forecasts the name of the coming day means 24 hours, it should say that in the evening paper forecasts the name of the coming day means from 7:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m., but in the morning paper forecasts the name of any day means 24 hours.

Ballard Vale. STEVEN T. BYINGTON

—Letter in the Boston Globe.

Thanks, Steve.

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THE RACE TRACK

Those Youngsters

THERE'S been a deal of discussion at Saratoga about the two-year-olds, possibly because there are so many of them. They actually outnumber the older horses in training. The prevalent opinion, based on the way Picket finished next to last in the Special the other day, is that they're an unruly lot whose antics give them a high rating for the Inconsistency Stakes. As you know, Picket had finished second to Occupation, Chicago's new wonder colt, in the Arlington Futurity, and on his return to Saratoga had worked so fast that hard-boiled horsemen thought he was unbeatable, yet in the Special he could never get close to Halberd, who led all the way. What really dumfounded almost everybody was that earlier in the meeting Famous Victory, a less-fancied stablemate of Picket's, had beaten Halberd by lengths. I daresay the reasons for that were a muddy track and the fact that Halberd didn't wear blinkers. Also, he may not have been wound up to concert pitch.

I suppose the thing to do now would be to predict that Halberd, who belongs to Mrs. Walter Jeffords, will win The Hopeful, The Futurity, and the whatnot. I will say instead that he looks more like Warren Wright's Whirlaway than any colt I've seen by Blenheim II except Whirlaway himself. He even has a long, thick, blond tail.

On the other hand, there's no resemblance between Whirlaway and his two-year-old half-brother, Dust By, who is small, dark brown, and skinny-tailed. Warren Wright, who also owns Dust By, is having a Technicolor movie made of the youngster's life and times—a sort of foaling-barn-to-Kentucky-Derby picture, maybe, but the shots made so far of Dust By in races have all the excitement of a day in the life of Elsie, the Borden cow.

I DON'T remember a better Saratoga Sales Stakes, which is for two-year-olds sold in Saratoga the preceding August, than the one last week. The winner, Thumbs Up, who cost W. E. Boeing $3,000, beat, among others, Hyperionion, Walter Chrysler, Jr.'s, $18,500 colt. Hyperionion (and how about that name for the Radio Announcers' Handicap?) is a handsome fellow, but when he runs one of his feet does a peculiar tap-dance step that nobody seems to like.

As expected, prices at the yearling auctions haven't been high. The top at Arthur Hancock's sale, always the most important, was $7,500 for a colt by Blenheim II named Alice Mowdy. Preston Burch bought him for the Howe stable.

ANDY SCHUTTINGER, a former jockey who trains a small stable, has been in the midst of a run of luck. During the first fortnight at the Spa, he started horses in fifteen races and won with eight, several at astonishing prices. For instance, there were Thrift (a hunch for horseplayers if there ever was one), who paid $21.10 one day and $42.60 another; Carillon at $31.10 and $25.90; and Brittany at $14.80 in the Schuylerville, a race which is supposed to give a line on what may happen in the Spinaway but usually doesn't. To save you the trouble of adding it up, a $2 bet to win on everything Schuttinger saddled would have made you $122 richer. If you'd been putting show bets on his horses, though, you'd have won a dozen times and been only $23.10 ahead, which ought to give you a rough idea of the futility of show betting.

THE uniforms and silver badges of Marshall Cassidy's Jockey Club Civilian Defense Unit are swell, but why not teach at least one member of it to destroy as quickly and painlessly as possible the jumpers who break their legs in steeplechases? It took a lot of fumbling, and two shots, to dispatch Castleton last Saturday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The School opened for the third time in April, 1868, as "The Artillery School of the United States Army" and was under the command of the Civil War Artillery chief, Major General William F. Barry. The course offered instruction in mathematics, artillery tactics and technique, engineering, astronomy, international law, mechanics, military history and tactics, surveying, gunnery, and ordnance.

Later, in 1869, the curriculum was enlarged to include McGuffey's Second and Third Readers and Sargeant's Standard Speller.—*Press release from the War Department.*

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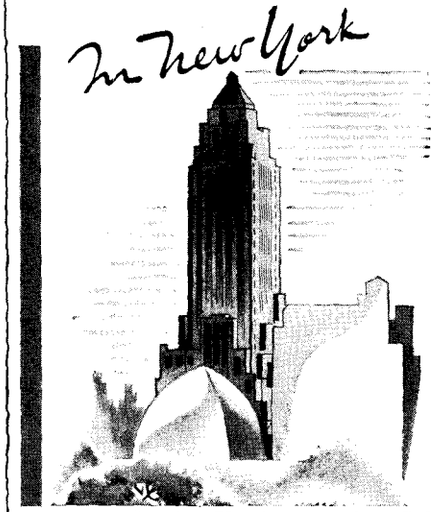

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WEARING summer tans that are still a shade or two on the pinkish side of bronze, quite a lot of young ladies to whom brains mean almost as much as beauty are about to pack up and troop back to town to get set for college, earlier by a good fortnight than in other years. This mid-August mass movement has to do not so much with the scarcity at resorts of things like young men and gasoline coupons (although the lack of those commodities must help ease the wrench of departure) as with the fact that some of our women's colleges are opening ahead of schedule. The idea is to save fuel by squeezing as much study as possible into the warm-weather months and then making up for it with extra-long Christmas vacations. Wellesley will lead the lot by starting its autumn term on August 31st, but it holds out to its student body the promise of a six-week hiatus in December and January. Bennington is due to open on the ninth of September, Smith on the sixteenth, and so it goes.

All this means, of course, that the College Shops in many of our big stores are bustling at a time when in the past even the best air-conditioning systems have been unable to dispel the late-summer doldrums. The new ideas this season seem to be short slacks (three-quarter length) and long shorts (kneecap length). Otherwise, you won't find much that's particularly startling (I do wonder, though, how some plus-fours I saw at Saks-Fifth Avenue are going to strike the placid townsfolk of Northampton and Poughkeepsie), but you will find some of the nicest campus clothes you've ever seen. Silly tricks, like those Dutch bonnets with braids attached, have given way, as they should in times like these, to good, sensible, topnotch woollens which should carry a girl right through school and, if need be, well beyond.

Take Lord & Taylor, for example. They've gone in for tweed in a big way, using it to make, among other things, a green jacket that is all decked out with soutache braid and silver-metal buttons and looks like something George Washington might have worn in his dressier moments. Never having got north of London, I wouldn't know about the shop's claim that it is a perfect copy of a Scotch hunting jacket. Anyway, you're supposed to wear it around college or—what seems to me a better bet—on special dates in town. A yellow flannel vest and a gray flannel skirt go with it. Chanel's famous double-breasted suit of a dozen years or so back has also been copied here in a green-and-navy plaid with a yellow overcheck; self fringe is the only adornment; $27.95, and a knockout.

Should you hanker for handwoven Harris tweed jackets, this is as good a spot as any to find them; they are made in checks, plaids, herringbones, and goodness knows what else, and cost but $25. Bennington (the town, not the college) is represented by tweeds that also are handwoven and appear in such heavenly color combinations as a soft tan, red, and turquoise-blue plaid and an olive green with touches of white and beige. These have been whipped up into single-breasted tailored suits with matching reefers or box coats; $59.95 for either suit or coat.

This is no place to go at length into the subject of hats, but I can't help re-

"There must be something in Tiffany's a young ensign could use on a minesweeper."

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marking that L. & T.'s Johnny Jeep is a darling. It looks like a lifeguard's beach hat, can be put on any old way, and comes in every color and fabric imaginable.

BEST, it won't surprise you to learn, is another haven for tweed suits and topcoats, offering herringbone ones in cheerful colors—forest green, raspberry, and so on—with jackets that have long lapels, the shop's favorite two-button closing, and darts through the waist to give you a pinched-in look. These suits are $49.95, and so are box coats to go with them. Best also has a number of more boyish, less expensive suits of blue-and-gray tweed designed to wear with the shop's rayon Vionnet-type blouses (here's another of those nostalgic French names cropping up again!), on which a tailored, appliqué bowknot is used instead of hemstitching to soften the straight-across neckline.

For those numbingly cold days that it sometimes seems only a New England campus can produce, there are cotton gabardine trench coats with big yet snug detachable hoods. These coats have linings and wide lapels of Teddy-bear cloth and, though they may sound like any other greatcoat, are so handsome that once you have one you'll sort of wish winter would hustle along, even if you're the kind of girl who ordinarily shivers at the slightest draft; $38.

Best calls those new short slacks Huck Finns. Here they're made of cotton corduroy, durable as anything. The advantage of them, I almost forgot to say, is that you don't have to roll them up to achieve the three-quarter length which I understand is now absolutely essential on the campus. Perhaps as much to the point is the fact that they save material.

THE shops seem to have gone to plenty of bother to make coats interesting, perhaps because all that fuel-saving business implies that we may be wearing them indoors as well as out this winter. Saks presents a new prize—a gray wool polo coat that fastens with smoked pearl buttons; $39.95. I don't recall ever having seen a polo coat of this color before, and I think it would be simply swell with either gray flannels or the gay clothes that are around this season. Saks is a great one for corduroy, using it for practically everything: doughboy trench coats, red raincoats with raglan sleeves and fly fronts, date suits with short, fitted jackets, and beige topcoats that may be bought separately or with matching slacks and a black jersey tuck-in blouse. Then there are some

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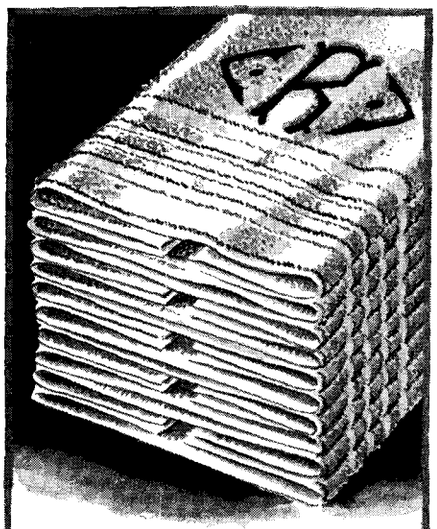

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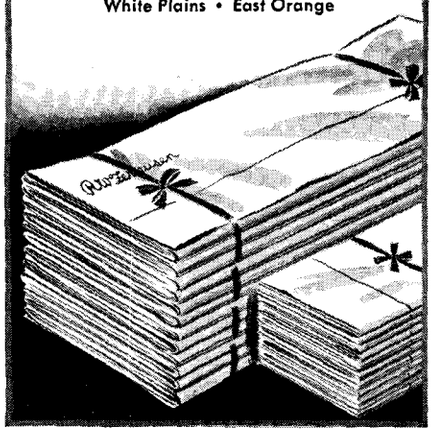

black velveteen ensembles that are really something—a peplum jacket and two skirts, a street-length one for tea dancing and a long, slit one to turn the young sprig into a *femme fatale* on those treasured weekend evenings.

Saks' contributions to making you look smart and feel good in the dormitory include an unlined gabardine polo-coat sort of bathrobe with pearl buttons and patch pockets. It could easily double as a street coat in mild weather, and it's a bargain at $7.95. A dress-length quilted percale house coat which has a zipper front below its tailored neck is designed for laggards who have a hard time beating the Sunday-breakfast closing bell; you can just slip it on, roll up your pajama legs under it, and there you are, ready to dash down to the dining hall.

ALTMAN's latest scoop consists of outfits made of the cotton fabric once used for automobile slipcovers; it resembles tweed, comes in such color combinations as brown and black or brown and turquoise, and looks not only charming but as if it would wear forever. It appears, for instance, in a suit that has a childish collar, a checked gingham lining, and a waist-length box jacket, and also in a two-piece dress that is simply trimmed with braid and has a fitted, collarless top and a dirndl skirt. You'll likewise find this fabric in a tailored pinafore dress (which I like a lot better than most such, perhaps because it is so wide across the shoulders) that has a flaring skirt and a brown-and-white guimpe, in a skirt that boasts silver-metal buttons to anchor it to a lovely blouse with a Victorian ruffled collar, and in overalls that have big patch pockets and are lined with a check. This slipcover stuff, as you see, can fix you up for any daytime occasion, and the things it's made into have a custom look, although prices run under $20. There are hats to top these clothes off, such as a casual brimmed one for everyday wear and, for special moments, a jaunty copy of a British tar's cap, in black or colored velvet.

Altman's date dresses ($19.95) are lively affairs in which wisteria is favored; look for a high, collarless one that has a skirt striped diagonally with alternating bands of faille and velveteen. A princesse-style woollen dress has a wide panel from neck to hem of—hold your breath—Shocking pink edged with—keep on holding it—emerald green. Still another, which might be the choice of a fragile blonde, is made of cocoa-colored wool and has a skirt sedately

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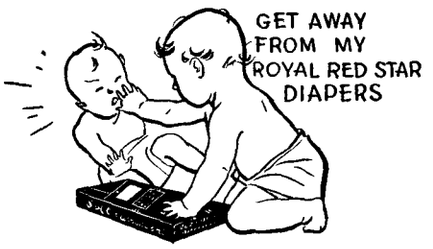

At progressive stores—the new Crown Tested rayon and cotton diaper. *Petal soft luxury.*

Royal Red Star Diapers

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trimmed with bands of henna, turquoise blue, and beige.

PECK & PECK, always the college girl's delight even though they have no shop especially named for her, have ushered in a real Teddy-bear coat triumph. Beige, and luxuriously lined with quilted rayon satin, it has a notched collar, bishop's sleeves, and a cleverly inserted woollen belt that ties at the front and gives you a figure; all this costs $49.95, and I'm quietly mad for it. Just about as fetching is a Lanz gray flannel suit ($29.95) that has a matching topcoat lined with green cotton on which prancing horses are printed ($35). A navy-blue wool cardigan suit piped with red becomes something very special when you add a red-wool Czechoslovakian cap that dangles long felt streamers—the odd sort of thing girls love to sport on the campus and which in happier days they used to pick up during summers abroad.

Peck & Peck are quite fond, and with reason, of their new shirt of rayon doeskin. It has a turtle neck, long sleeves, and fastens down the back, but you can wear it hindside before if you've overslept and haven't time to try to button yourself up the back. During the day it goes well with the shop's new long shorts, which are made up in hard-finish wools so they'll hold their shape. Some of them hook with a decorative bit of hardware, and all of them come either in gray and chalk-striped flannel or in plaid wool. In the evening you wear the shirt with black velveteen slacks that have a grosgrain stripe down them and a cummerbund of the same material.

BONWIT TELLER have blossomed forth with black-velvet and taffeta evening clothes that should devastate the stag line, if any, at proms next winter. My favorite velvet dress here is starkly plain—with a high neck, a pegtop skirt, and an ermine-tail jabot—and is as sophisticated as anything, even for alumnae. If you want to be more romantic and flyaway, there's a dress with a snug velvet bodice that goes down over the hips like an old-fashioned riding coat and has a high, flesh-color marquisette yoke to give it a daring décolletage. A zooming marquisette skirt completes the ensemble. A covered-up black taffeta dress has a cabbage rose poised on one shoulder and two more peeking out from beneath its net overskirt; men will love it. All of these are either $29.95 or $35.

Bonwit is all bubbly over tailored day clothes designed by B. H. Wragge, a

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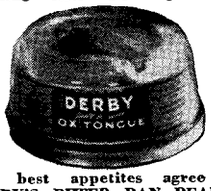
There's No Hazard to a Hostess . . . in choosing any DERBY DELICACY, because informative labeling lists all ingredients.



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favorite of the establishment. I can't imagine a young seeker after truth who would not be delighted by Mr. W.'s three-piece harlequin suit, which has a long-sleeved jacket of natural rabbit's-wool cashmere jersey blocked with yellow, red, and green, a collarless natural blouse, and a gray flannel skirt. Use a little imagination in switching the pieces around with some of your other staples and you have quite a wardrobe. A marvellous one-piece dress, also of rabbit's-wool cashmere jersey, has a beige top and a gathered green skirt with huge pockets shaped like oak leaves—yellow on one hip and henna on the other for autumn, you see; $25. There are more subdued outfits, too, among them a gray balbriggan with low revers and an adjustable belt that can be let out after the second hot-fudge-marshmallow sundae.

Those talked-about Nylon fleece topcoats are another cause of satisfaction at Bonwit. These are either light or dark, in double-breasted-box-coat or fitted, flaring-skirted versions. The fabric seems to combine all the virtues: smooth it down and it is sleek, rub it the wrong way and it looks like brushed wool, and you have the shop's word for it that it is warm, mothproof, and sheds water. What more could you ask? —M. M.

•

Directions for treatment in the case of poison: Put your finger down the victim's throat and step aside.—*From the Air Raid Warden's Manual of the Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety.*

Whistling a gay little tune, of course.

•

Mrs. Lyon is the daughter of Mrs. John William Jones and the late Mr. Jones of Martinsville, and of the late Congressman John R. Brown and the late Dr. J. M. Smith. She has spent the past two years in New York City.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

Let's not get off the subject.

•

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF CAPTAIN McGLOON

[*From a news story in the Chicago Tribune*]

As police pounded on the locked door Norwell leaped six feet from his window into that of a neighboring apartment, risking a fall into the street; raced down stairs in his underwear, and escaped despite a fusillade of police bullets.

Encouraged by this indication that Norwell objected to questioning, Capt. McGloon instructed his detectives to memorize the faces in the photograph, keep a sharp watch for the three, and arrest them on sight.

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A.W.O.L.

A FEW weeks ago I was travelling toward the coast of southeastern Canada on an odd little train apparently designed to discourage travel. The sleeping-car berths were made for persons smaller than most people and the track seemed to be laid over some worn-out logging trail. The train made many stops, not only at towns but *anywhere*—in the woods, near farmhouses, or beside lakes. Usually nothing happened at these stops; no one got on or off, no water was taken on. The train merely halted for a while, as though resting.

After the eighteenth hour of this intermittent travel I began spending my time smoking cigarettes on the forward platform of the sleeping car, which was the last car of the train.

There were many soldiers on the train, most of them riding in the coaches. Some were in the blue-gray uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force, others in Army khakis; some wore the tam-o'shanters of Canadian Scotch regiments. A short time out of St. John, New Brunswick, as the train was slowing down for another of its strange halts, a soldier came out on the platform from the coach ahead. He went to one side of the platform, looked out, crossed to the other side, looked out there, then moved a couple of steps, leaned against the doorjamb, and stared at his feet. He was a tall young fellow with a long jaw, dark hair, and cloudy gray eyes. He looked as though he might have a hangover or, perhaps, as if he hadn't slept for a day or so. He glanced up from his shoes, saw me staring at him, and turned his eyes away. The train stopped, then started again, and the soldier walked back into his car.

I STAYED on the platform, watching sunlight and water and scrubby trees on hills. In a few minutes the train slowed down, and the soldier came out again, looked out one side and then the other, and took his position by the door. This time he stared directly at me.

"Train stops a lot," I said.

"It does that," he replied. "It stops for every farmyard and twice if they got two barns."

I offered him a cigarette, and he took it. The train halted and then started up again. When it had attained its normal, rather casual speed, he dropped the cigarette to the floor, put it out with his foot, stepping on it hard, as though he were angry at it, and went into his car.

At the next stop he was back again. He looked out each side and then stood by the door. "This is a little town," he said. I looked out and saw three houses. I offered him another cigarette, and he took it. The train started up again and he laughed shortly, as though to relieve the tension, like a fellow who's just missed having a bluff called.

"I've got to get on that boat at Halifax tonight," he said. "That boat to Newfoundland, and then I'm all right." He pronounced "Newfoundland" as though it were three words, "New Found Land." "They can't do much to me if I'm on that boat. If I get on that boat before they catch me, I won't have to pay for no escort to take me back."

He put out his cigarette, and I gave him another.

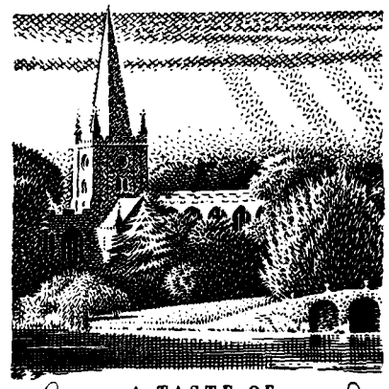
"I'll bet the Provost Guards are looking all over hell for me," he said. "They're our Army police, you know, the Provost Guards. I escaped from them this morning, and if they catch me, I'll have to pay the fare for a couple of them to take me back to New Found Land."

He took a long drag on his cigarette.

"I've been in the Army for three years," he went on. "It's all right. I don't mind the Army. If I'm not in the Army, it might be that I am working on a farm, maybe I'm working on a truck. I don't mind the Army. They gave me a twenty-one-day leave and I came home to see my folks in St. John and people I know. I got to drinking, and the first thing is I'm six days over my leave.

"Yesterday, Sunday, I was at home taking a nap in the parlor, and there was a knock on the door. I opened the door and there were two Provost Guards. They asked me if *I* was home. They thought I was my brother or something, because I was in civilian clothes. I said *I* had gone back to New Found Land the day before, and they went away. As soon as they were gone for sure, I changed back into my khakis, because if they catch me in civilian clothes, that's bad, prison maybe. Desertion maybe, in time of war. A man could be shot.

"I was sitting around the house last



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night trying to figure out what to do. My mother didn't even know I was A.W.O.L., but she sure does now, I guess. I kept thinking, and then I find that I was out of smoking, and so I go downtown for some cigarettes. I was walking out of the shop with the cigarettes when two Provosts saw me. 'Where's your pass?' one of them asked me. I said I didn't have it. 'Just the one we're looking for,' he said. They grabbed me. I fought. I knocked one down and then the other, but some other Provosts came and I was surrounded, and they took me away to jail.

"This morning they were leading us to breakfast and I broke away and ran. I don't know why, but I guess I didn't like the idea of them escorting me clear back to New Found Land and I have to pay the fare for the guards. I sneaked around back streets, met my brother, and he gave me some money, and I got on this train like I was a soldier going back from ordinary leave. I suppose they got Provosts up and down the line looking for me, a man without a pass. If I can get on that boat out of Halifax, I'll be all right, because what can they do? If I'm on the boat, I *got* to go to New Found Land, and they'll know I *want* to go back.

"It'll take me three days on the boat to get to New Found Land, and that will make me almost two weeks late. For that I'll get fourteen or twenty-eight days. For hitting the Provosts and resisting arrest, I'll get maybe a week or fourteen days. For escaping, maybe a week, maybe fourteen days. All at hard labor, digging the ditches, working the roads, in New Found Land, and no pay for the time I'll be spending."

The train began to slow down again. The soldier looked out one side of the platform, then the other, and then stood against the door. He looked tired.

"I tell you," he said, "I'm thinking that if they get me again, they can have me."

A short time later I got off the train. I don't know how he came out.

—Mark Murphy

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Melbourne Sun*]

Redwood City (Cal.), Wednesday.—Barbara Winter, San Francisco heiress, who is seeking a divorce, testified that her husband lifted her from the bath and dropped her unclad, wet and shivering, outside the front door.

"Incidents like that changed me from a happy-go-lucky girl to a quiet, solemn woman," said Barbara.

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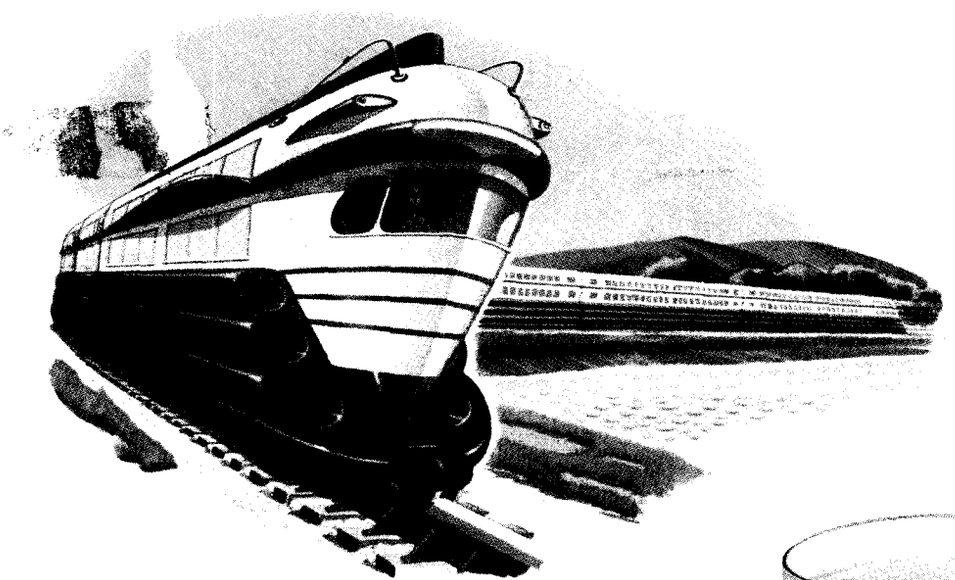

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